

New Oxford Item.

H. I. SMITH, EDITOR.

AN INDEPENDENT LOCAL JOURNAL.

ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM.

Volume XII.

New Oxford, Pa., Friday, Mar. 27, 1891.

Number 37.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

DR. T. STRAHAN.

Physician and Surgeon will attend to professional calls night or day. Office on Philadelphia street, near Centre Square, New Oxford.

DR. I. M. BUSH.

Veterinary Surgeon, graduate of the Chicago Veterinary College, will visit New Oxford every other Thursday, and will treat domestic animals of all kinds. All promptly attended to. Orders left with G. A. Kilgell, next door to IREX office, will receive prompt attention.

J. L. BUTT,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Gettysburg, Pa. Office with J. A. Kitzmiller, on second floor of pane building on Baltimore street. Prompt attention given to settlement of estates of decedents, minors, &c.; also, to conveyancing, liens and collections.

J. A. KITZMILLER.

(Successor to H. B. Woods, Esq.) ATTORNEY AT LAW AND NOTARY PUBLIC, has removed his office to the second story of Spangler's building, Baltimore street, Gettysburg, Pa., recently occupied by H. B. Woods, Esq. Will attend to collections and all other business entrusted to him.

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WM. P. QUIMBY.

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Gettysburg, Adams Co., Pa. Office with Hon. David Willis, southeast corner of the Diamond.

HOTELS & C.

EAGLE HOTEL, New Oxford,

George Sunday,

Proprietor. House thoroughly refitted and refurnished. The bar stocked with choice wines, liquors and cigars, while the table will be supplied with the choicest delicacies the market affords. Ample stabling. 24 Jan 90.

CENTRAL HOTEL, Littlestown,

J. W. Harpel,

Proprietor.—Having recently remodeled and refitted the above well-known hotel, I will be pleased to accommodate the traveling public, and my friends in general. Bar supplied with the choicest liquors, wines, beer, &c. Table supplied with all the luxuries of the season. Ample stabling attached. 1 Aug 90.

EUROPEAN HOTEL, Littlestown,

Geo. B. Yantis,

Proprietor.—Furnished new throughout. First-class in all its appointments. Large stabling.

NATIONAL HOTEL, Littlestown,

J. H. Wiest,

Agent.—Good accommodations, moderate charges. Bar stocked with choice wines, liquors and cigars. A large, well-fitted sample room. First-class Billiard and Pool Tables. Extensive stabling and shedding attached. AT THE RAIL ROAD.

CENTRAL HOTEL, Hanover,

D. C. Fleming,

Proprietor. (Formerly of the City Hotel, York.) Free bus, steam heat; good stable accommodations. mar. 23.

GLOBE HOTEL, Gettysburg,

Wm. Reigart,

Proprietor. (Successor to F. S. Rumer.)—Good accommodations at moderate charges. Good sample room, back to and from all depots and first-class livery attached to hotel. Having recently refitted and remodeled the above well-known hotel, I will be pleased to accommodate the traveling public in general.

NATIONAL HOUSE, East Berlin,

Wm. Sunday, Proprietor.

Permanent and transient boarding at reasonable rates. Bar stocked with choice wines, liquors and cigars. Extensive stabling and an attentive hostler. 2 Aug 91.

NEW OXFORD

CARRIAGE and WAGON WORKS.

John G. Kretz, Proprietor.



All kinds of LIGHT and HEAVY WAGONS, such as

Light and Heavy FARM WAGONS,

PLATFORM WAGONS,

SPRING WAGONS,

BUGGIES, &c., &c., at short notice.

Repairing of all kinds done promptly

at lowest prices. Coach painting

and repairing a specialty. Satisfaction guaranteed. Shops on Peter St.

Laxador

An infallible regulator of the Human System. Cures Bilious Affections &c. Cures Liver Complaint, Price 25 Cts. Costiveness, Lazador Dispensia, Giddiness, &c. Sold by druggists.

The Leading Perfume.

DREXEL'S COLOGNE

Fragrant! Lasting! PRICE 25 CENTS. AT ALL DEALERS.

DR. BULL'S

COUGH

SYRUP

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SALVATION OIL

Price only 25 cts. Sold by all druggists.

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DRUG

—AND—

JEWELRY STORE

N. E. Cor. Diamond, New Oxford.

J. W. DICKS

—DEALER IN—

Pure Drugs,

Medicines,

Chemicals,

Patent Medicines,

Toilet Articles,

Choice Perfumery,

Fancy Goods,

Fine Stationery,

Notions, &c.,

Cigars & Tobacco,

Choice Wines and Liquors,

for medical use only.

Careful Preparation of Prescriptions our specialty.

Also, Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, etc., for Sale. Repairing done, and work guaranteed. All goods in either department warranted as represented.

IF YOU HAVE

JOB PRINTING

of any kind that you want

done neatly and promptly, remember

that the IREX office is prepared for the

prompt execution of all kinds of Job

work. Our prices are the lowest.

To the General Public!

NEW DRUG STORE

J. W. Barnitz,

having purchased the Drug Store from E. G. Cook, respectfully solicits a share of the public patronage. An entire new stock of

Drugs, Chemicals, Hair Brushes,

Fancy Articles, Patent Med-

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Dye

Stuffs, &c.,

such as are kept in a first-class drug store.

All articles will be sold at reasonable rates.

The Proposed Road Law.

At the request of a number of readers, we give a synopsis of the proposed new road law, now creating so much talk and meeting with considerable opposition in some sections. The question of the adoption or rejection of this law of the State Road Commission is now pending before the Legislature.

The bill recommended by the Road Commission provides for the election of three supervisors next February, one for one year, one for two and one for three years provided that in any township which now has three supervisors no new election under this section shall be required except as the terms of the supervisors expire. Every supervisor shall be a freeholder in his township and a citizen of it for three years immediately preceding his election.

The supervisors shall meet on the first Monday of March next following their election and elect one of their number President and one Secretary, and all townships which do not have a township or district treasurer elected under existing laws, shall appoint a treasurer who is not a member of the board of supervisors and shall levy a road tax which shall not exceed ten mills on each dollar of valuation. The supervisors may divide their township into such districts as they may deem best and shall appoint a roadmaster or masters for such district or districts who shall be citizens of the township and shall hold their appointment at the discretion of the supervisors. The roadmasters must see that work done in his district is in accordance with plans furnished him by the road supervisors, work upon the roads himself, oversee the men employed and keep the time of each man and report it to the supervisors. The supervisors shall fix the wages of roadmasters and laborers and the number of hours constituting a day's work.

The road supervisors shall have full control of roadmasters and employment of laborers and they must give preference to taxpayers of their township between 18 and 55 years old, on condition that the taxpayers notify the supervisors on or before the first Monday of May in each year of their desire to secure such work. No unnaturalized person is to be employed. The supervisors are authorized to purchase all necessary materials and machines and can join with an adjacent township in purchasing road machinery, such partnership to continue only while both parties agree to it.

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The township or district treasurer appointed by the supervisors shall give bond in a sum double the amount of the road tax duplicate and monies received from the State appropriation for roads or from other sources for like purpose; and shall pay out money only on the written order of supervisors.

It shall be the duty of the supervisors to make the road beds not less than sixteen feet wide, to keep and maintain them ten inches higher in the centre than at the sides, with continual drains on either side of a width and depth of one foot wherever practicable; to remove all obstructions preventing the flow of water either from the surface of the roadbeds, sides or drains thereof; to drain the roadbeds where necessary, to keep them in good condition and to place culverts of stone, iron or terra-cotta pipes, wherever practicable, to convey the water across and underneath the surface of the road bed.

The supervisors shall receive no compensation for their services but may be allowed for the cost of stationery, fuel and light and necessary traveling expenses out of the township road funds.

The supervisors must make an annual report of their work to the Secretary of Internal Affairs and shall keep minutes of their proceedings which shall be open to the inspection of taxpayers.

The supervisors shall let by contract

the construction of all highways and let by contract to the lowest and best bidder the opening, making, maintaining or repairing of all other township roads and bridges. Notice of such lettings must be given at least three weeks before by advertisement in at least two weekly newspapers of general circulation, and by handbills put up in at least ten of the most public places in township. Contracts for maintenance and repairing shall not continue for more than three years.

A county engineer shall be elected in November and take office January following to hold it for three years. He shall be paid out of the county funds \$3.50 for every day actually employed in the discharge of his duties and five cents per mile circular. He shall annually submit to the county auditors a full and itemized statement and account under oath of the days and nature of the business in which he was employed during the preceding year. The pay allowed by this act is to be in lieu of all other compensation and charges for individual services and expenses, excepting stationery, postage, office rent, light and fuel which shall be provided by the county commissioners.

It shall be the duty of the county engineer to pass upon all road petitions presented to him, to serve upon all road views he shall select and designate, or provide for the laying out of the roads in each township, to be macadamized or otherwise permanently constructed out of the funds expressly devoted thereto, which road shall be selected, laid out in or through the different townships in a manner such that, as far as practicable, they may form a continuous highway between the most populous points in the county to the boundaries thereof and to points on other important roads or railroad stations, so as best to accommodate through and local travel, which roads shall thereafter, until abandoned as such by the county engineer, be known as highways. He shall make a map of such roads and shall furnish the supervisors of each township a plan and full and complete specifications in accordance with the most approved method of roadmaking, considering the location and materials at hand, and the manner in which and materials out of which such highways shall be constructed and show the order in which they shall be repaired.

Road viewers shall be appointed only upon the petition of ten taxpayers of the township in which the road is located. Their petition must be approved by the supervisors of their township and by the county engineer. In case the county engineer should be of opinion that in any township there are no roads so located as to justify the designation thereof as highways, he may petition the Court for viewers without any other petitions or the approval of the supervisors. Written or printed notice must be given of a view or review.

The Court of Quarter Sessions on application by petition shall appoint three viewers to lay out new roads and vacate old ones, the viewers to consist of the county engineer and two disinterested citizens.

The county engineer shall inspect all work done by contract before it is accepted by the supervisors. At the close of each fiscal year he shall make a detailed report to the Secretary of Internal Affairs.

All monies appropriated from time to time by the Legislature for road purposes, to be paid out of the State Treasury, shall be divided among the townships in proportion to the amount of road taxes collected and expended by each township for road purposes during the preceding year. The supervisors of each township shall set apart at least 25 per cent. of all road taxes collected each year, which, with the monies appropriated or received from the State for road purposes, shall constitute a special fund to be kept by the treasurer in a separate account from other road funds and shall be expended exclusively in the making of macadam or other permanent roads in the township.

Before any pipe line or conduit, telegraph, telephone, electric light, power lines, cable transportation or other

incorporated company shall enter upon the roads, bridges or highways, the county engineer must pass upon their proposed work and they must give a sufficient bond.

It shall not be lawful for any supervisor or county engineer to be interested, either directly, in any work done or contracts relating to the roads and bridges, nor to furnish any materials therefor, under a penalty of a fine not exceeding \$500 or imprisonment of not longer than six months or both.

Any supervisor, county engineer or other person employed on the roads who violates this act shall pay a fine of not more than \$500 or be imprisoned for six months or both.

The bill has passed the Senate finally and is yet to be considered by the House.

While the family of Cyrus Boose, sexton of Grace Lutheran church, at Lancaster, were absent from their home last Wednesday evening, their absence was taken advantage of by two youths apparently not over 12 years of age to rob the pigeon loft. While the boys were at work they were disturbed by the barking of a neighbor's dog, and beat a retreat, carrying some of the pigeons with them. As they were leaving the premises, Mrs. Boose returned and started after the boys. The latter ran a short distance, when one of them deliberately turned around, drew a revolver, and fired at Mrs. Boose, the ball plowing up the ground by her side. The lads then disappeared.

HIS BODY TERRIBLY MANGLED.—A shocking accident occurred at the Union Knitting Mills, whereby Isaac Cox was horribly mutilated. Red Flag Oil, the famous pain cure was quickly applied, and recovery soon followed, you can try this great remedy for 25c.

If you want to drive away dyspepsia, biliousness, constipation, poor appetite, and all evils arising from a disordered liver, use Dr. Lee's Liver Regulator. Trial bottles free at Barnitz's drug store.

By the verdict in the case of Rev. Howard MacQueary, of Canton, O., for heresy, Mr. MacQueary is suspended for six months, and if he does not "retract" during that time his suspension becomes expulsion. He is found guilty of holding and teaching publically and advisedly doctrines contrary to those held by the Protestant Episcopal church in the United States of America.

Mrs. Quigley, the sister of Arthur Hoyt Day, of Rochester, Pa., who was hanged at Weiland, Ont., on December 17, for murdering his wife, has confessed that she assisted him in pushing the woman over the brink at Niagara Falls to her death. Mrs. Quigley died after making her confession.

Edward P. Shumeman and John Kelley were sentenced at Utica for stealing letters from the United States mail boxes. As a result of the crime of these men it is said the locks on all letter boxes throughout the country will have to be changed.

It is rumored in Berlin that Emperor William is showing continual evidence of insanity, and the Russian Ambassador is said to have declared that his acts ought to be treated as those of an irresponsible person.

Willie Rideout, aged 7 years, son of W. E. Rideout, of Bordertown, N. J., drank a tumbler full of whiskey which he managed to obtain. A short time afterward he was seized with convulsions and died.

SOME STARTLING FACTS.—The official returns from Boards of Health show that nearly three-fourths of all deaths are from consumption. When we think over this fact it is really awful, though every case started with a simple cough or cold. Realize how important it is to check this terrible malady which can be done by using Pan-Tina cough and consumption cure. Price 25 and 50 cents. Trial bottles free at Barnitz's drug store.

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While the family of Cyrus Boose, sexton of Grace Lutheran church, at Lancaster, were absent from their home last Wednesday evening, their absence was taken advantage of by two youths apparently not over 12 years of age to rob the pigeon loft. While the boys were at work they were disturbed by the barking of a neighbor's dog, and beat a retreat, carrying some of the pigeons with them. As they were leaving the premises, Mrs. Boose returned and started after the boys. The latter ran a short distance, when one of them deliberately turned around, drew a revolver, and fired at Mrs. Boose, the ball plowing up the ground by her side. The lads then disappeared.

HIS BODY TERRIBLY MANGLED.—A shocking accident occurred at the Union Knitting Mills, whereby Isaac Cox was horribly mutilated. Red Flag Oil, the famous pain cure was quickly applied, and recovery soon followed, you can try this great remedy for 25¢.

If you want to drive away dyspepsia, biliousness, constipation, poor appetite, and all evils arising from a disordered liver, use Dr. Lee's Liver Regulator. Trial bottles free at Barnitz's drug store.

By the verdict in the case of Rev. Howard MacQueary, of Canton, O., for heresy, Mr. MacQueary is suspended for six months, and if he does not "retract" during that time his suspension becomes expulsion. He is found guilty of holding and teaching publicity and advisedly doctrines contrary to those held by the Protestant Episcopal church in the United States of America.

Mrs. Quigley, the sister of Arthur Hoyt Day, of Rochester, Pa., who was hanged at Weiland, Ont., on December 17, for murdering his wife, has confessed that she assisted him in pushing the woman over the brink at Niagara Falls to her death. Mrs. Quigley died after making her confession.

Edward P. Shuneman and John Kelley were sentenced at Utica for stealing letters from the United States mail boxes. As a result of the crime of these men it is said the locks on all letter boxes throughout the country will have to be changed.

It is rumored in Berlin that Emperor William is showing continual evidence of insanity, and the Russian Ambassador is said to have declared that his acts ought to be treated as those of an irresponsible person.

Willie Rideout, aged 7 years, son of W. E. Rideout, of Bordertown, N. J., drank a tumbler full of whiskey which he managed to obtain. A short time afterward he was seized with convulsions and died.

SOME STARTLING FACTS.—The official returns from Boards of Health show that nearly three-fourths of all deaths are from consumption. When we think over this fact it is really awful, though every case started with a simple cough or cold. Realize how important it is to check this terrible malady which can be done by using Pan-Tina cough and consumption cure. Price 25 and 50 cents. Trial bottles free at Barnitz's drug store.

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LIFE.

Our life, our life is like a narrow race.
Afloat upon the hungry sea;
Hereon is but a little space,
And all men, eager for a place,
Do thrust each other in the sea;
And each man, eager for a place,
Does thrust his brother in the sea.
And so our life is war with fears,
And so the sea is salt with tears.
Ah, well is thee, thou art asleep!
Ah, well is thee, thou art asleep!

Our life, our life is like a curious play,
Where each man hideth from himself.
"Let us be open as the day,"
One man does to the other say,
When he would deeper hide himself.
"Let us be open as the day."
That he may better hide himself.
And so the world goes round and round,
Until our life with rest is crowned.
Ah, well is thee, thou art asleep!
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—The Path.

THE ROOM-MATES.

BY JOHN B. RAYMOND.

Henry Hadley and John Ashton had roomed together for six months, but had never exchanged a word. There was no quarrel between them; they were not deaf mutes; they were normal, every-day young men, and one, at least, longed ardently to hear the other's voice.

It came about in this way: Hadley was a reporter on the News-Herald, where he had filled a certain round of dry-as-dust assignments for years and was not much liked by his associates. He had a tendency to drudge; he wore faint "mutton-chop" side-whiskers and turned up the bottoms of his trousers when it rained. But he was really a capital fellow, and in spite of his prosaic exterior he had a little romance of his own. He was engaged to be married, and Alice Tyler was a girl of whom any one might well be proud. She was the niece of a friend of Hadley's, and when he proposed to her, after a long, despairing courtship, he was astounded to find himself accepted. It seemed incredible that such a perfect creature could ever be his own, but after he had somewhat recovered from his transports his practical nature asserted itself, and he began to retrench his expenses in preparation for the event. Thus it was that he eventually answered an advertisement for a room-mate.

It so happened that the other occupant of the room was also a reporter, although a very different stamp of man. John Ashton was a meteoric genius. He was a waif from dead and gone Bohemia. His forte was the strange, the odd, and the grotesque, and his startling and unlooked-for strokes had gone far toward making the Chronicle famous. In his field he was invaluable, and he had long since killed his chance for promotion by meriting it too much.

The News-Herald, as everybody knows, is published in the afternoon, while the Chronicle is a morning daily, and Hadley, who had made his arrangements through the landlady, was disappointed, when he awoke early on the first day in his new quarters, to find that his room-mate, who had let himself in sometime during the night, was then asleep in the little alcove opposite his own. He had promised himself much pleasure from the society of a man whose work he so much admired, but the pale, handsome face and slight form, relaxed in the languor of deep sleep, prompted him to dress as quietly as possible and slip out without awakening the other.

It turned out, to Hadley's infinite chagrin, and probably to Ashton's secret amusement, that this was no mere accident. The former went to work early in the morning and his duties ended when the big presses threw out the first copy of the last edition, at about dusk. Ashton, on the other hand, arose a little after noon, lounged about until dark, and left his desk any time between one and three o'clock at night. Consequently, when he reached the room he invariably found Hadley asleep, and when he awoke he was the only occupant. And vice versa. Several things conspired to maintain this fantastic relationship. Their offices were remote from one another. Their work was essentially different. It did not make common resorts or mutual friends. So it easily chanced that by day they never met.

Such was the curious train of events which had carried them through one summer and into an autumn that brought to Hadley many a miserable headache. A shadow had somehow fallen across the honest fellow's love affair. It was hardly to be defined in terms; that was the worst of it—it was so intangible; so difficult to say just what was wrong. There was a change in Alice. She was silent; she was distraught; her tears came and went like April rain. Yet she protested that nothing was amiss, and met his well-meant questioning with an impatience that surprised and frightened him; for he did not know very much of women, and her asseverations sounded to his ears like confessions in disguise. Above all, he felt a cumbersome unfitness to cope with the situation. It was like a plow-boy essaying to probe a sensitive wound, and at length he feared to speak lest he should precipitate some unknown crisis.

Thus it was, when at dusk one autumn day he walked from the office to Alice's home to pay one of his customary visits. It was an indolent evening, suave with the spell of Indian summer, and through the dreamy haze that wrapped the city ever the hum of traffic sounded faint and harmonious, like a choir of giant insects

at the approach of night. He fell into a vague reverie as he walked on, and when he stopped mechanically before the house he did not ring at once, but sat down upon a little bench just within the gate and masked by lilac-bushes.

The narcotic calm of the scene and hour had lulled him into serenity, and night fell unmarked, until, at length, a familiar voice broke in upon his meditations. He recognized it on the instant as Alice's, but it was mingled with deeper tones that were unfamiliar to him. Although no words had yet detached themselves from the tangle of sound, it seemed to him that one voice was urging and one remonstrating. Presently they came nearer and stopped by the gate.

"Oh, I cannot! I cannot!" some one cried. It was Alice's voice, and although there was not a jot of the spy in Hadley's nature, something in the intonation held him spell-bound.

"But why not?" said the other voice, a melodious baritone—low, persuasive, thrilling. "But why not? It was a conditional promise; the conditions have changed and that is—"

"No; it is not that," broke in the girl. She was speaking quietly, but a pathetic little quaver ran through her words. "Oh, can't you understand! He is honest and true, and I could not break his heart!"

A moisture sprang on Hadley's forehead and very slowly he opened and closed his hands. There was pause, and then the pleasant baritone again:

"Are there no rivers in Damascus? What of my heart, Alice?" Hadley heard no more. Something seemed to suffocate him. His breath went no further than his throat, and the dusky web of lilac-branches danced in black and shapeless phantasmagoria before his eyes. He was dimly conscious of a patter of feet, a wave of perfume, and gush of yellow light as the hall door clashed open and shut, and then he knew he was alone again.

Alone! A hideous sense of loss, and bitter, hopeless desolation, such as he had never felt and never dreamed of, overwhelmed him. He did not think; he did not dare to think. He staggered to his feet, opened the gate and passed out.

To run away, to elude this thing as if it was some sentient, palpable pursuer, was the first impulse that possessed him, and he hurried on, blindly, stumblingly, he cared not where. How far he walked, he had no means of knowing, but when he stopped it was on a thronging thoroughfare, before the window a great commotion, agitated with electric lights. He drew a long breath and pulled himself together. An illuminated dial that punctured the gloom of the upper air marked after midnight, and a faintness began to assail him, a deadly reaction that turned his knees to water. The careless, alien crowd jarred on him, the barbaric splendor of the windows smote upon his brain; he wanted to be alone, and presently he saw the open doorway of a cafe and entered.

A few people sat at tables here and there, and on one hand were the curtained doorways of a row of little rooms or stalls. He walked instinctively toward one of these and drew the drapery aside. A man within, who was musing, apparently, over a bottle and a half-eaten meal, turned at the sound, and the room-mates looked one another in the face.

Ashton was the first to recover himself, and sprang up with outstretched hand.

"Why, my dear fellow!" he exclaimed, "Am I indebted to insomnia for this pleasure?"

Hadley took his hand absently, but did not at once reply. What was there about that voice, with its plausible, vibrating timbre, that thrilled him so?

"I have been a little troubled," he said, hesitatingly, "and tried to—walk it off."

"Ha! And came in here, I dare say, to drown it in drink, as the proverb goes. My word for it, trouble is the thirstiest thing on earth. I tried to drown a small sorrow in drink once, and when I was under the table there was the sorrow, sober as a judge. But I'll tell you something, Hadley, it won't stand feeding. The proper thing to drown sorrow in is mutton chops and fried potatoes. Suppose we put it to the touch. Waiter!"

"Hold!" said Hadley, who burned to stop this badinage, "I am not hungry—not in the least. Let me sit down a moment and think."

He sank into a vacant chair and gazed at the other with a sudden, haggard intentness. A thought had just occurred to his distracted mind. Why was not this man, so bright, so versatile, so self-contained, so en rapport with the great world, and its usages—why was not he the very man of all men to give him counsel in this predicament?

"Ashton," he said, "I am in distress. Will you give me your advice?"

Ashton smiled grimly. "You have come to a good shop for advice," he said. "My whole life is more or less a warning. However, if I can be of any service to you, blaze away. Out with it, my boy!"

But Hadley did not find the story so easy to tell.

"I am engaged to be married," he said, at length.

"Ho! ho!" cried Ashton. "I foresee a stern parent with a prejudice against literary characters." Then something in the other's face checked him, and he dropped his tone of levity. "Forgive me," he said, gently. "What is this trouble of yours? You need not men-

tion the lady's name, of course. Make it a hypothetical case."

"Oh, no!" said Hadley, "I can confide in you. She is the best girl in the world. Her name is Alice Tyler."

Ashton was leaning over the table toying with a glass, but at the words he rose involuntarily and fixed his eyes upon the other with strange and challenging regard. Hadley paused for a moment with a dim and troubled conscience that he had touched some hidden spring; but only for a moment, and then, slowly and incoherently, he told his story. Ashton sank back as he proceeded and heard him in silence to the end.

"Do you know this man?" he asked, when it was done.

"No," replied Hadley, gloomily. "What does it matter who he is?"

Ashton did not reply; he seemed lost in thought. "Hadley," he demanded, suddenly, "do you really intend to marry this girl? But 'shaw!" he continued, "you are too honest to be a trifle. And this fellow—why, a thousand to one he is amusing himself looking for a new sensation, and has no more use for a wife than he would have for a bishopric. You must have saved some money, have you not?"

"Yes," said Hadley, rather surprised; "I have a few thousand dollars in bank."

"Well," sighed Ashton, "this is a world of fact, but we can't all grasp it. Some men are made for homes and some are not. I might have ten times your income, and the last chapter would find me a vagabond. I tell you, Hadley, you have no real rival. This is a shadow that has already passed, and shadows leave no trace."

"What shall I do?" he asked.

"Do? Why, do nothing. For heaven's sake don't distress the girl with questions. I tell you this belongs to the past. Forget it. Bury it. Act as if nothing had happened, and all will come right in the end. If I were you I would make it convenient to be away for a few days. She will miss you, depend upon it, and you can begin where you left off. Can't you arrange to go away?"

"I think so," said Hadley. "When had I best go?"

"Go to-morrow. You will come back a new man and find her eager to welcome you."

Hadley reflected a moment.

"I will take your advice," he said.

When he returned home, at the close of the week, from a brief visit to a neighboring city, he mounted the stairs with an eager step, but pouted, perplexed, in the open door. The room was dismantled of much of its furniture, and looked bare and unfamiliar. He entered, almost timidly, and read this legend, chalked upon the looking-glass:

KEEP WHAT TRAPS OF
MINE YOU FIND. HATE
MIGRATED. GONE WEST.
GOOD-BYE. GOOD LUCK
TO YOU.
J. A.

"It was an extraordinary thing," he used to say in after times, when he and Alice were happily mated. "Here was a brilliant, successful man, with the world before him, one might say, who pulls up stakes all of a sudden, goes out West, goes to the dogs, and inside a year winds up in a dance-hall fight with a bullet through his head. No, I can't say why he did it; he never mentioned it to me, although we roomed together over six months."—Frank Leslie's.

Frozen 600 Feet Deep.

For many years scientists have been perplexed over the phenomenon of a certain well at Yakutsk, Siberia. As long ago as 1828 a Russian merchant began to sink this noted well, and after working on it three years gave it up as a bad job, having at that time sunk it to a depth of thirty feet without getting through the frozen ground. He communicated these facts to the Russian Academy of Science, who sent men to take charge of the digging operation at the wonderful well. These scientific gentlemen toiled away at their work for several years, but at last abandoned it when a depth of 332 feet had been reached with the earth still frozen as hard as a rock. In 1844 the academy had the temperature of the soil at the sides of the well taken at various depths. From the data thus obtained they came to the startling conclusion that the ground was frozen to a depth exceeding 600 feet. Although it is known to meteorologists that the pole of the lowest known temperature is in that region of Siberia, it is conceded that not even that rigorous climate could force frost to such a great depth below the surface. After figuring on the subject for over a quarter of a century geologists have at last come to the conclusion that the great frozen valley of the Lena River was deposited, frozen just as it is found to-day, during the great grinding up era of the glacial epoch.—Chicago Herald.

Uniting Aluminum With Glass.

Bradford McGregor, the mechanical expert of Cincinnati, Ohio, has succeeded after numerous experiments in uniting aluminum with glass, and he claims to be the first who has done so. A large piece of aluminum with a glass tube in the centre was turned in his lathe and it was impossible to detect the slightest flaw or joint where they came together. In fact, it appears as one solid mass. Heretofore, no metal could be made to unite with glass in which the contraction and expansion were the same, and it is claimed this will create a revolution in the way of reducing the cost of incandescent lights as it will take the place of platinum, which costs \$320 a pound, while the new discovery will not cost \$10.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

Corduroy has come in again.
The loose-fronted coat is worn.
The season is rich in cotton fabrics.
Beading is in greater vogue than ever.
The chazelaire bouquet is quite the rage.

The reign of the large hat will continue.

Sealskin and Astrakan are being combined.

The strap wrist watches are no longer good style.

There are about thirty women lecturers in this country.

Black pearl necklaces draw attention to a pretty neck.

There is a library exclusively for women in Turin, Italy.

Bowling is extremely popular for ladies in some cities.

Jackets still show a tendency to be very snug in the body and very large of sleeve.

One old fashion has been revived on the skirts of evening gowns—that is, flounces.

It is becoming quite customary for a widow to retain her husband's name on her calling cards.

Two furs are much combined in winter jackets. Astrakhan and mink is a favorite mixture.

Fancy feathers made of lace with a little sizing to hold them upright are a novelty in millinery.

Turquoise blue is much worn, and the jewels, or rather their imitations, still remain favorites with millions.

In fashionable marriage notices in some newspapers the name of the bride precedes that of the bridegroom.

Some of the newest party dresses are made of cloth, but they are nearly covered with gold and silver embroidery.

As far as the fashion in heads goes, blondes are said to be considerably behind the procession with brunettes in the lead.

Fashion report has it that next summer's feminine styles are to be more masculine than ever, and even more "rakish."

The tea gown has yielded to what is known as the art gown, which is merely its predecessors over again in a modified form.

Black velvet hats can be brightened by adding a few Jacqueminot roses and a full ruching of black lace around the brim.

Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt supports and maintains a country home for orphans, and half orphan girls on Staten Island, N. Y.

No girl of the period's wardrobe would seem to be complete in these days without at least one "real tailor-made coat."

Princess of Wales is credited with the possession of half a dozen different kinds of fur cloaks and wraps, "all of fabulous value."

Very light-colored felt hats, much trimmed with pink roses or other pale-tinted blossoms and ostrich tips, are much worn by very "sweet" maidens.

A movement is on foot to have young women admitted as pupils to the department of tailoring in the New York Trades School for boys and young men.

Black ages any woman past thirty by deepening the lines in her face. Certain lines come with time, and time forms character, but a woman is not obliged to advertise her age.

The Empress Frederick, of Germany, has sent two glass tubes with Koch's lymph to the Lina Hospital in Naples, Italy, accompanied by a long letter to the foundress, the Duchess Ravaschieri.

A tall, gaunt, angular, awkward woman will appear less so in something light and floating, some soft, clinging material that will follow every movement, multiply lines and obliterate angles.

Mrs. William Morris, wife of the London, England, artist, poet and Socialist, is said to be the most beautiful woman in the world. She goes out but little, and is rarely seen by the multitude who visit her husband.

The scheme to employ good looking women as bill collectors, adopted by some of the business houses of New York City, works almost too well. Several women married within a fortnight and four became engaged.

When a widow marries she never wears white, nor would she wear orange-blossoms. She does not have bridesmaids. It is not usual to remove the ring of her first marriage; the second ring is put on above it.

Two of the best-dressed women in England are literary women—Mrs. Campbell-Præd and Mrs. Stannard. Their gowns are tailor-made and cut in the simplest style. In evening wear Mrs. Præd affects rich, delicate brocades.

An organization in Rome, Italy, which calls itself the Roman Arts and Crafts Society, has been established to enable women to dispose of their needlework. It includes English, American and Italian ladies, who work harmoniously together.

Velvet calf is exceedingly popular for ladies' handbags and purses. The former are now being made oblong like the purses. They still have the useful outside pocket, but the handles are of velvet calf, for the steel rings have gone out of fashion.

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It so happened that the other occupant of the room was also a reporter, although a very different stamp of man. John Ashton was a meteoric genius. He was a waif from dead and gone Bohemia. His forte was the strange, the odd, and the grotesque, and his startling and unlooked-for strokes had gone far toward making the Chronicle famous. In his field he was invaluable, and he had long since killed his chance for promotion by meriting it too much.

The News-Herald, as everybody knows, is published in the afternoon, while the Chronicle is a morning daily, and Hadley, who had made his arrangements through the landlady, was disappointed, when he awoke early on the first day in his new quarters, to find that his room-mate, who had let himself in sometime during the night, was then asleep in the little alcove opposite his own. He had promised himself much pleasure from the society of a man whose work he so much admired, but the pale, handsome face and slight form, relaxed in the languor of deep sleep, prompted him to dress as quietly as possible and slip out without awakening the other.

It turned out, to Hadley's infinite chagrin, and probably to Ashton's secret amusement, that this was no mere accident. The former went to work early in the morning and his duties ended when the big presses threw out the first copy of the last edition, at about dusk. Ashton, on the other hand, arose a little after noon, lounged about until dark, and left his desk any time between one and three o'clock at night. Consequently, when he reached the room he invariably found Hadley asleep, and when he awoke he was the only occupant. And vice versa. Several things conspired to maintain this fantastic relationship. Their offices were remote from one another. Their work was essentially different. It did not make common resorts or mutual friends. So it easily chanced that by day they never met.

Such was the curious train of events which had carried them through one summer and into an autumn that brought to Hadley many a miserable heartache. A shadow had somehow fallen across the honest fellow's love affair. It was hardly to be defined in terms; that was the worst of it—it was so intangible; so difficult to say just what was wrong. There was a change in Alice. She was silent; she was distraught; her tears came and went like April rain. Yet she protested that nothing was amiss, and met his well-meant questioning with an impatience that surprised and frightened him; for he did not know very much of women, and her asseverations sounded to his ears like confessions in disguise. Above all, he felt a cumbersome uselessness to cope with the situation. It was like a plow-boy essaying to probe a sensitive wound, and at length he feared to speak lest he should precipitate some unknown crisis.

Thus it was, when at dusk one autumn day he walked from the office to Alice's home to pay one of his customary visits. It was an indolent evening, suave with the spell of Indian summer, and through the dreary haze that wrapped the city even the hum of traffic sounded faint and harmonious, like a choir of giant insects

at the approach of night. He fell into a vague reverie as he walked on, and when he stopped mechanically before the house he did not ring at once, but sat down upon a little bench just within the gate and masked by lilac-bushes.

The narcotic calm of the scene and hour had lulled him into serenity, and night fell unmarked, until, at length, a familiar voice broke in upon his meditations. He recognized it on the instant as Alice's, but it was mingled with deeper tones that were unfamiliar to him. Although no words had yet detached themselves from the tangle of sound, it seemed to him that one voice was urging and one remonstrating. Presently they came nearer and stopped by the gate.

"Oh, I cannot! I cannot!" some one cried. It was Alice's voice, and although there was not a jot of the spy in Hadley's nature, something in the intonation held him spell-bound.

"But why not?" said the other voice, a melodious baritone—low, persuasive, thrilling. "But why not? It was a conditional promise; the conditions have changed and that is—"

"No; it is not that," broke in the girl. She was speaking quietly, but a pathetic little quaver ran through her words. "Oh, can't you understand! He is honest and true, and I could not break his heart!"

A moisture sprang on Hadley's forehead and very slowly he opened and closed his hands. There was pause, and then the pleasant baritone again:

"Are there no rivers in Damascus? What of my heart, Alice?" Hadley heard no more. Something seemed to suffocate him. His breath went no further than his throat, and the dusky web of lilac-branches danced in black and shapeless phantasmagoria before his eyes. He was dimly conscious of a patter of feet, a wave of perfume, and gush of yellow light as the hall door clashed open and shut, and then he knew he was alone again.

Alone! A hideous sense of loss, and bitter, hopeless desolation, such as he had never felt and never dreamed of, overwhelmed him. He did not think; he did not dare to think. He staggered to his feet, opened the gate and passed out.

To run away, to elude this thing as if it was some sentient, palpable pursuer, was the first impulse that possessed him, and he hurried on, blindly, stumblingly, he cared not where. How far he walked thus he had no means of knowing, but when he stopped it was on a thronging thoroughfare, before the window a great emporium, aglow with electric lights. He drew a long breath and pulled himself together. An illuminated dial that punctured the gloom of the upper air marked after midnight, and a faintness began to assail him, a deadly reaction that turned his knees to water. The careless, alien crowd jarred on him, the barbaric splendor of the windows smote upon his brain; he wanted to be alone, and presently he saw the open doorway of a cafe and entered.

A few people sat at tables here and there, and on one hand were the curtained doorways of a row of little rooms or stalls. He walked instinctively toward one of these and drew the drapery aside. A man within, who was musing, apparently, over a bottle and a half-eaten meal, turned at the sound, and the room-mates looked one another in the face.

Ashton was the first to recover himself, and sprang up with outstretched hand.

"Why, my dear fellow!" he exclaimed, "Am I indebted to insomnia for this pleasure?"

Hadley took his hand absently, but did not at once reply. What was there about that voice, with its plausible, vibrating timbre, that thrilled him so?

"I have been a little troubled," he said, hesitatingly, "and tried to—walk it off."

"Ha! And came in here, I dare say, to drown it in drink, as the proverb goes. My word for it, trouble is the thirstiest thing on earth. I tried to drown a small sorrow in drink once, and when I was under the table there was the sorrow, sober as a judge. But I'll tell you something, Hadley, it won't stand feeding. The proper thing to drown sorrow in is mutton chops and fried potatoes. Suppose we put it to the touch. Waiter!"

"Hold!" said Hadley, who burned to stop this badinage, "I am not hungry—not in the least. Let me sit down a moment and think."

He sank into a vacant chair and gazed at the other with a sudden, haggard intentness. A thought had just occurred to his distracted mind. Why was not this man, so bright, so versatile, so self-contained, so in rapport with the great world and its usages—why was not he the very man of all men to give him counsel in this predicament?

"Ashton," he said, "I am in distress. Will you give me your advice?"

Ashton smiled grimly. "You have come to a good shop for advice," he said. "My whole life is more or less a warning. However, if I can be of any service to you, blaze away. Out with it, my boy!"

But Hadley did not find the story so easy to tell.

"I am engaged to be married," he said, at length.

"Ho! ho!" cried Ashton. "I foresee a stern parent with a prejudice against literary characters." Then something in the other's face checked him, and he dropped his tone of levity. "Forgive me," he said, gently. "What is this trouble of yours? You need not men-

tion the lady's name, of course. Make it a hypothetical case."

"Oh, no!" said Hadley, "I can confide in her. She is the best girl in the world. Her name is Alice Tyler."

Ashton was leaning over the table toying with a glass, but at the words he rose involuntarily and fixed his eyes upon the other with strange and challenging regard. Hadley paused for a moment with a dim and troubled conscience that he had touched some hidden spring; but only for a moment, and then, slowly and incoherently, he told his story. Ashton sank back as he proceeded and heard him in silence to the end.

"Do you know this man?" he asked, when it was done.

"No," replied Hadley, gloomily. "What does it matter who he is?"

Ashton did not reply; he seemed lost in thought.

"Hadley," he demanded, suddenly, "do you really intend to marry this girl? But pshaw!" he continued, "you are too honest to be a trifer. And this fellow—why, a thousand to one he is amusing himself looking for a new sensation, and has no more use for a wife than he would have for a bishopric. You must have saved some money, have you not?"

"Yes," said Hadley, rather surprised; "I have a few thousand dollars in bank."

"Well," sighed Ashton, "this is a world of fact, but we can't all grasp it. Some men are made for homes and some are not. I might have ten times your income, and the last chapter would find me a vagabond. I tell you, Hadley, you have no real rival. This is a shadow that has already passed, and shadows leave no trace."

"What shall I do?" he asked.

"Do! Why, do nothing. For heaven's sake don't distress the girl with questions. I tell you this belongs to the past. Forget it. Bury it. Act as if nothing had happened, and all will come right in the end. If I were you I would make it convenient to be away for a few days. She will miss you, depend upon it, and you can begin where you left off. Can't you arrange to go away?"

"I think so," said Hadley. "When had I best go?"

"Go to-morrow. You will come back a new man and find her eager to welcome you."

Hadley reflected a moment.

"I will take your advice," he said. When he returned home, at the close of the week, from a brief visit to a neighboring city, he mounted the stairs with an eager step, but paused, perplexed, in the open door. The room was dismantled of much of its furniture, and looked bare and unfamiliar. He entered, almost timidly, and read this legend, chalked upon the looking-glass:

KEEP WHEAT TRAPS OF
MINE YOU FIND. HAVE
MIGRATED. GONE WEST.
GOOD-BYE. GOOD LUCK
TO YOU. J. A.

"It was an extraordinary thing," he used to say in after times, when he and Alice were happily mated. "Here was a brilliant, successful man, with the world before him, one might say, who pulls up stakes all of a sudden, goes out West, goes to the dogs, and inside a year winds up in a dance-hall fight with a bullet through his head. No, I can't say why he did it; he never mentioned it to me, although we roomed together over six months."—Frank Leslie's.

Frozen 600 Feet Deep.

For many years scientists have been perplexed over the phenomenon of a certain well at Yakutsk, Siberia. As long ago as 1828 a Russian merchant began to sink this noted well, and after working on it three years gave it up as a bad job, having at that time sunk it to a depth of thirty feet without getting through the frozen-ground. He communicated these facts to the Russian Academy of Science, who sent men to take charge of the digging operation at the wonderful well. These scientific gentlemen toiled away at their work for several years, but at last abandoned it when a depth of 382 feet had been reached with the earth still frozen as hard as a rock. In 1844 the academy had the temperature of the soil at the sides of the well taken at various depths. From the data thus obtained they came to the startling conclusion that the ground was frozen to a depth exceeding 600 feet. Although it is known to meteorologists that the pole of the lowest known temperature is in that region of Siberia, it is conceded that not even that rigorous climate could force frost to such a great depth below the surface. After figuring on the subject for over a quarter of century geologists have at last come to the conclusion that the great frozen valley of the Lena River was deposited, frozen just as it is found to-day, during the great grinding up era of the glacial epoch.—Chicago Herald.

Uniting Aluminum With Glass.

Bradford McGreggor, the mechanical expert of Cincinnati, Ohio, has succeeded after numerous experiments in uniting aluminum with glass, and he claims to be the first who has done so. A large piece of aluminum with a glass tube in the centre was turned in his lathe and it was impossible to detect the slightest flaw or joint where they came together. In fact, it appears as one solid mass. Heretofore, no metal could be made to unite with glass in which the contraction and expansion were the same, and it is claimed this will create a revolution in the way of reducing the cost of incandescent lights as it will take the place of platinum, which costs \$320 a pound, while the new discovery will not cost \$10.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

Corduroy has come in again.

The loose-fronted coat is worn.

The season is rich in cotton fabrics.

Beading is in greater vogue than ever.

The chataleine bouquet is quite the rage.

The reign of the large hat will continue.

Seulskin and Astrakan are being combined.

The strap wrist watches are no longer good style.

There are about thirty women lecturers in this country.

Black pearl necklaces draw attention to a pretty neck.

There is a library exclusively for women in Turin, Italy.

Bowling is extremely popular for ladies in some cities.

Jackets still show a tendency to be very snug in the body and very large of sleeve.

One old fashion has been revived on the skirts of evening gowns—that is, flounces.

It is becoming quite customary for a widow to retain her husband's name on her calling cards.

Two furs are much combined in winter jackets. Astrakhan and mink is a favorite mixture.

Fancy feathers made of lace with a little sizing to hold them upright are a novelty in millinery.

Turquoise blue is much worn, and the jewels, or rather their imitations, still remain favorites with millions.

In fashionable marriage notices in some newspapers the name of the bride precedes that of the bridegroom.

Some of the newest party dresses are made of cloth, but they are nearly covered with gold and silver embroidery.

As far as the fashion in heads go, blondes are said to be considerably behind the procession with brunettes in the lead.

Fashion report has it that next summer's feminine styles are to be more masculine than ever, and even more "rakish."

The tea gown has yielded to what is known as the art gown, which is merely its predecessors over again in a modified form.

Black velvet hats can be brightened by adding a few Jacqueminot roses and a full ruching of black lace around the brim.

Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt supports and maintains a country home for orphans and half orphan girls on Staten Island, N. Y.

No girl of the period's wardrobe would seem to be complete in these days without at least one "real tailor-made coat."

Princess of Wales is credited with the possession of half a dozen different kinds of fur cloaks and wraps, "all of fabulous value."

Very light-colored felt hats, much trimmed with pink roses or other pale-tinted blossoms and ostrich tips, are much worn by very "swell" maidens.

A movement is on foot to have young women admitted as pupils to the department of tailoring in the New York Trades School for boys and young men.

Black ages any woman past thirty by deepening the lines in her face. Certain lines come with time, and time forms character, but a woman is not obliged to advertise her age.

The Empress Frederick, of Germany, has sent two glass tubes with Koch's lymph to the Lina Hospital in Naples, Italy, accompanied by a long letter to the foundress, the Duchess Ravaschieri.

A tall, gaunt, angular, awkward woman will appear less so in something light and floating, some soft, clinging material that will follow every movement, multiply lines and obliterate angles.

Mrs. William Morris, wife of the London, England, artist, poet and Socialist, is said to be the most beautiful woman in the world. She goes out but little, and is rarely seen by the multitude who visit her husband.

The scheme to employ good looking women as bill collectors, adopted by some of the business houses of New York City, works almost too well. Several women married within a fortnight and four became engaged.

When a widow marries she never wears white, nor would she wear orange-blossoms. She does not have bridesmaids. It is not usual to remove the ring of her first marriage; the second ring is put on above it.

Two of the best-dressed women in England are literary women—Mrs. Campbell-Praed and Mrs. Stannard. Their gowns are tailor-made and cut in the simplest style. In evening wear Mrs. Praed affects rich, delicate brocades.

An organization in Rome, Italy, which calls itself the Roman Arts and Crafts Society, has been established to enable women to dispose of their needlework. It includes English, American and Italian ladies, who work harmoniously together.

Velvet calf is exceedingly popular for ladies' handbags and purses. The former are now being made oblong like the purses. They still have the useful outside pocket, but the handles are of velvet calf, for the steel rings have gone out of fashion.

FOOD AND GROWTH.

The duckling will eat twice as much food as the chick, but it will also weigh more than twice as much in two months. It is not the amount of food eaten that regulates the expense, but the ratio of gain in proportion to the amount fed. It matters not how much is consumed, provided you have a corresponding growth and increase of weight. Feed the duckling heavily and force them.—*Farm and Fireside.*

TRANSPLANTING ONIONS.

Raising large onions by transplanting the small seedlings has lately been recommended as a new and improved method, writes a Kansas doctor. While this plan has not generally been adopted, it has been my custom for thirty years, where I grew from the seed, to transplant. The onion has so much vitality that it is a real pleasure to see the little thing straighten up and grow on. I transplant any time after they get to the size of a small wheat straw. It is almost impossible to sow onion seed without getting it many times too thick; and one hand will transplant as much ground as two hands will thin out if they do it properly.—*American Agriculturist.*

HOW TO SUBDUCE WEEDS.

One important point in keeping a farm clear from weeds is to see that these germs are not imported in purchased seeds. Weeds are often introduced by the farmer's own animals. Horses that have been fed at the town stables, and cattle that have been allowed to forage on the highways, may each be the means of bringing obnoxious weeds onto the farm. For the hoed crops clean cultivation is the antidote. Cut the weeds off at the surface of the ground at time when they are at their best, that is at the time of flowering, and before the seed has grown sufficient to germinate. This is the best method of dealing with weeds where they have become a pest in meadows and pastures. In the latter sheep are very efficient weed destroyers as they will browse closely many varieties that cattle will not touch.

In some countries it is said there are fields entirely free from weeds, owing to very high cultivation and careful selection of seeds and manures. Such results are not to be expected in this country, and we shall continue to have weeds as heretofore, but they can be kept in such subjection as to reduce their injurious effects to a minimum. Where they serve no better use, they at least give evidence of the soil's fertility. Unless rich ground is closely covered with useful plants it is quite certain to produce weeds. Nothing surpasses clover for smothering weeds. If sown thickly, and stock is kept off from it after the mowing, so that some of the seed from the second crop will be scattered, it will gain complete possession of the field, to the exclusion of weeds.—*New York World.*

AN EASY WAY TO RAISE SWEET-BRIAR.

Speaking to an old gardener the other day, who had a quantity of the hips on his sweet-brier bushes, we suggested to him the advisability of raising a quantity of young plants from the seed. He stated that he very much wished to do so, to have them for young hedge plants, but has not been very successful so far, and finds them hard to vegetate.

Our suggestion to him was to take the hips, wash out the seed from the pulp, then mix them with sand in a shallow box, and bury the whole in the ground, but so that they could be frozen through. By this means the outer coating of the seeds never becomes dry, which is the reason they are often so long in coming up. When spring comes, and before vegetation starts too much, select a piece of sandy soil, bring to a fine tilth as for any other crop, then sow the seeds in rows about two inches below the soil. Cover in and well firm the soil, and, our word for it, there will be no trouble raising sweet-brier plants.

Those having but a few seeds and the convenience of a greenhouse may sow in pots at once, and they will come all right in the spring, when they may be planted out of doors.

This charming sweet-scented plant is not half enough grown. The fragrance that distills from the leaves on a moist summer evening is delightful, and an old reminiscence of ours. It is also a beautiful object when a flower, to say nothing of its orange-scarlet fruit in the fall and early winter.—*Prairie Farmer.*

CATARRH OF DOMESTIC ANIMALS.

Common colds are very frequent among cattle, horses, sheep and swine. The fever is shown by the dullness of the affected animals, which to an ordinary observer would be the first symptom noticed. Poultry are equally liable to colds. After the fever and dullness the cough is the most prominent sign of ailment. To the professional man and to the more close observer the mucous membrane of the eyes and nose are seen to be red. The eye weeps and the "nose runs." The tendency of irritation of the mucous membranes is to pass downward. When it reaches the fauces it is commonly called sore throat; on reaching the larynx it is termed laryngitis; so, also, on its descent into the bronchial tubes through which the air reaches the lungs it is termed bronchitis. Catarrh, or cold, is far more common in the damp, cool seasons of the spring and fall. The causes usually are damp, cold, checked perspiration or contagion. Therefore, work horses and oxen are more

liable to it from becoming chilled after sweating. The prominent symptoms of catarrh are chill, tremors, in cattle arched back, dullness, dry nose, tender spine, hot ears and horns at the roots; the pulse is more rapid than natural, and the breathing quickened; then follows cough and mucous secretion, as seen in the eyes and nose, at first thin and watery, becoming thicker and yellowish; the eyelids look swollen and puffy; the visible mucous membranes are redder, and a tenacious discharge soon becomes more or less abundant. All the signs of weakness become more manifest—dullness, fever, mucous discharge, rough coat, loss of appetite, constipation, loss of flesh, or in the milch cow, great decrease of milk. Horses cough more than cattle because they are compelled to exercise more. Fowl sneeze and look dull. The inexperienced call simple catarrh roup. But simple catarrh or cold is not roup, but if neglected it may become contagious. The treatment is simple, and may be summed up in good nursing. Good nursing may be shown by placing the animals afflicted in dry, warm, well-ventilated shelter. Cattle and horses should be blanketed and given warm flaxseed tea, in which a teaspoonful of aromatic spirits of ammonia or an ounce of sweet spirits of niter is mixed night and morning. Six ounces of linseed oil may be given to cattle, and to horses a small ball of aloes. Pigs may have the flaxseed tea in milk, in which half of the quantity of either of the spirits above advised may be given. Stables, pens and hen-houses should be kept clean. The diet should consist of bran mash, gruel linseed tea and boiled roots—beets, mangels, carrots or potatoes. For fowls, stale bread soaked in hot milk, in which a teaspoonful of red pepper is mixed, should be given night and morning.—*American Agriculturist.*

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Use eggs of good size for setting. Generally, all fowls that feather slowly are hardy.

Ducks are more free from vermin than other fowls.

Many poultrymen believe in portable poultry houses.

The very best products of the farm have the least competition.

The far West has vied with the South in sending watermelons to the Northern markets this year.

A wild fighting hen should never be kept for hatching, as she will rarely prove satisfactory as a mother.

Farm work is hard work, but who can take a leisure day and feel it less in his business than the farmer?

As soon as an animal is matured it ceases to be profitable to keep, unless it is a work animal and possibly sheep.

Do not expect any farm animal to "pick up" its living. If you do it need not surprise you if the crows should pick its bones.

Beef or pork cracklings, mixed with cornmeal or wheat bran and baked, makes an excellent feed for poultry of all kinds.

Pigs must be kept constantly thriving to do well and maintain health. This can be done by giving them plenty of good food.

For a general farm fowl there is nothing that will excel the Plymouth Rock chicken when both eggs and a table fowl are desired.

Trees for planting that have been dug and properly cared for will grow the better for being planted after the soil has become dry and warm.

Never use a long, gangling, overgrown rooster for breeding. It is nearly impossible to fill them up and they never make a good table fowl.

The little chickens that are kept in the brooders should be watered regularly. Give them what they will drink without getting themselves wet.

Geese can be picked regularly every six weeks after the first of May, and the feathers secured will pay well for the trouble of keeping them.

An expert says the Florida phosphates, though immense in extent, are disappointing as to richness, and the proportion of high grades is exceedingly small.

The future of dairying must be in the line of perfection. Every man must feel that upon him personally depends the perfectness of the methods that are to prevail.

The theory that good apples can not be grown in the South seems to be disproven. Apples ten and twelve inches in circumference are raised as far toward the equator as Southern Florida.

Be on the lookout for feather-eating hens. If a bird shows any signs of being plucked, watch until you detect the offender; then the best and easiest way to settle the trouble is to fatten and eat her.

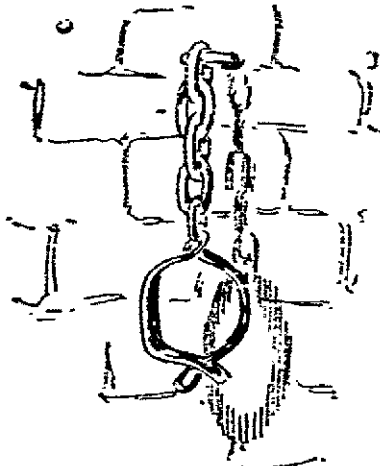
If the milk has a "cowy" odor it is because you have got manure in it; that always makes a very "cowy" odor. The remedy is to keep the milk and the manure in separate receptacles—not by straining the manure out of the milk, though; that kind of odor doesn't strain out.

If your cow, after behaving like a lady for months, surprises you with a kick, don't kick back, but find out why she kicked; she had a good reason for it, else she wouldn't have done it. Perhaps one of her teats may be cracked or scratched and very sore, or her udder may be inflamed.

SCOTCH JOUGS.

Offenders Formerly Chained to the Wall by the Neck.

At the gate of the church at the little hamlet of Duddington, about a mile from Edinburgh, Scotland, hang a pair of "joughs." They are nothing more or less than an iron ring or collar fastened by a short chain to a pillar or wall in some public place. They were used years ago in Scotland and Holland in a form of pillory. The ring or collar



JOUGS.

opens at the back so as to inclose the culprit's neck, and it is then fastened with a padlock. The joughs were used to punish ecclesiastical offenders as well as civil. They were common several centuries ago, and, although not known to have been used in the past 100 years, may still be found hanging at country churches. The name is taken from a root of similar shape.

The crews of two vessels off the coast of Scotland were the witnesses of an unusual phenomenon recently. All at once green lights made their appearance on the yard arms and trucks of both vessels, and then spread from the mast-head to the jib-stay and the jib-boom end. The lights were as large as a common gas flame and were separated from each other by a distance of about a foot.

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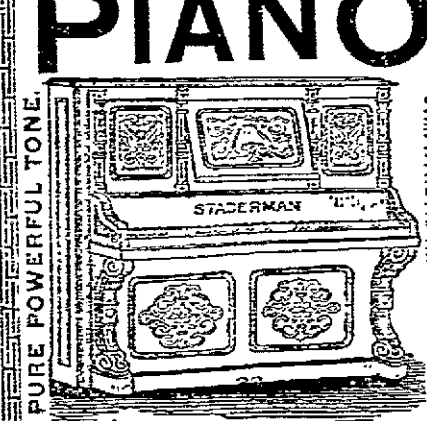
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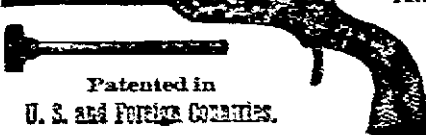
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Departure, (Der Abschied) German and English, as sung by Cantatas, either in German or English, Soprano or Alto, each 60c; Easter Belts, Carol for Soprano, 35c; My Sweet Mountain Rose, Alto or Soprano, 40c; Come Gentle Mother, Paper, 40c; Pretty Sailor, Paper, 40c; There's Nobody Home But Me, and 1000 others, each 35c.

PIANO

Alexandra Waltz, Pastor, 40c; Americano (the prettiest Waltz, 40c); Gavotte published Solo, Duo, Trio, etc.

ANY PIECE OF MUSIC OR MUSIC BOOK PUBLISHED ON EARTH

SENT PREPAID ON RECEIPT OF MARKED PRICES.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, Strings and Trimmings, Greatest Variety, best quality at lowest prices.

Sole agency for the celebrated HARBING PISTOL and ORCHESTRAL ACCORDIONS, the best and strongest in the world.

SEND ALL ORDERS TO ABOVE ADDRESS.

VAN WERT'S BALSAM

GREATEST LUNG HEALER.

Guaranteed to cure all diseases of the Throat and Lungs or money refunded. TRIAL SIZE FREE.

Regular Size reduced from \$1. to 50c. per Bottle.

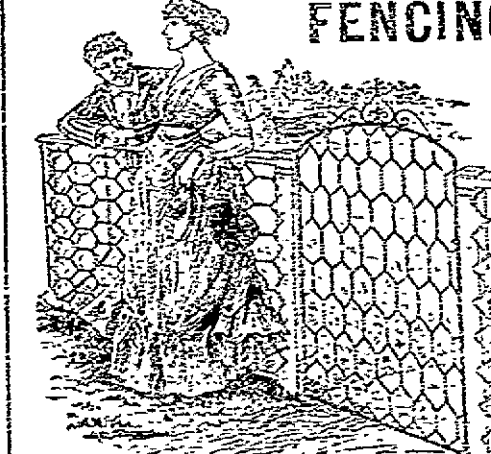
MANUFACTURED BY

VAN WERT CHEMICAL CO.,

Watertown, N. Y.

JERSEY GALVANIZED STEEL

FARM AND LAWN FENCING



IS JUST THE THING

where a STRONG, LASTING, SUPERIOR fence is desired.

Is ORNAMENTAL, does not conceal yet protects enclosure without injury to man or beast. Defies wind, time, and water.

All Intending Purchasers

should get our illustrated price list, showing the superior twist and weave, and other points of merit. Apply to your dealer, or directly to the manufacturers,

The New Jersey Wire Cloth Co., Trenton, N. J.

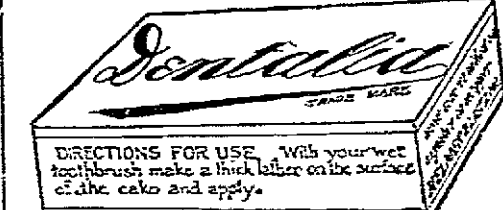
PULCHRA AMERICANA FACE POWDER.

HEALING! SOOTHING! SOFTENING! FRAGRANTLY PERFUMED! NO VULGAR FACE PAINT!



Sold by Dealers. White, Pink, Brunette. Price, 25c. and 50c. per box.

TOOTH SOAP.



Delightful to use, fragrant and effective. Made in wintergreen and desirable flavors. The latest, the best, the most popular. Apply to your druggist or send 10c. for sample cake.

HELMER & LIETZ, M'rs,

123 4th Ave., New York.

WORMS IN HORSES AND CATTLE.

Sure, Safe and Speedy. This medicine will remove Worms, Dead or Alive, from Horses and Cattle. Will purify the Blood, correct and tone up the stomach, and strengthen the Nerves.

DR. EMERSON'S "DEAD SHOT"

for Worms in Horses. Is the best general Condition Powder in use. Dose: One Table-spoonful. Directions with each box. Sold by all Druggists, or sent by mail upon receipt of fifty cents.

Wholesale Druggists, 85 & 87 Chas. B. Smith, 265 Broad St., Newark, N. J.

IS JUST
THE THING
 where a **STRONG, LASTING, & SUPERIOR** fence is desired.

Is ORNAMENTAL, does not conceal protects enclosure without injury to man or beast. Defies wind, time, and water.

All Intending Purchasers should get our illustrated price list, showing the superior twist and weave, and other points of merit. Apply to your dealer directly to the manufacturers,

The New Jersey Wire Cloth Co., Trenton, N. J.

Bessie Kauffman, a prepossessing young woman, was arrested at Harrisburg Saturday night charged with infanticide in Chambersburg. The body of the child was found in the yard attached to the residence in that town where the woman lived and garment wrapped about it was identified as hers. Her father is bookkeeper at the lunatic hospital at Harrisburg.

Every expectant mother should read our new book by Dr. Dye, one of New York's most celebrated physicians. A perfect mother's guide, it tells how the fearful ordeal can be made easy, free from danger, and almost entirely painless, thus saving months of anxiety, dread, and suffering. Full of valuable information to ladies, answering hundreds of delicate questions. Send two-cent stamp for circulars, testimonial, and confidential letter. Address, FRANK THOMAS & Co., Publishers, Baltimore, Md.

THE MARKETS.		
NEW OXFORD.—By Z. H. Cashman.		
Choice Wheat		\$1 00
No. 2		90
Washed "		80 00
Oats		50 00 @ 80
Barley		50 00 @ 80
Corn		0 50 @ 60
Wheat		0 50 @ 0 52
Clover seed		\$1 00
Timothy seed		\$1 00 @ 1 25
Timothy hay		4 00 @ 5 50
Wheat straw		\$0 00 10 30
EAST BERLIN MARKETS.		
By S. Morgan Smith, Sons & Co.		
No. 1 L. E. Wheat		\$0 94
No. 2 "		90
No. 1 Fultz "		94
No. 2 "		90
RETAIL.		
Low Drift Flour, 3 Bbl.		\$5 62
and grade		4 15
Straw & handred,		1 00
tidlings,		1 15
Chop,		1 25

THE CENTAGE COMPANY, 192 Fulton Street, N. Y.

GETTYSBURG, PA.

GETTYSBURG, PA

FRIDAY EVENING, MAR. 27, 1891.

An extraordinary yield of winter wheat and "big potatoes, and a good many in a fall," were the themes of discussion in the office of the Secretary of Agriculture Saturday afternoon. In a rough box in front of the unused fireplace were a dozen potatoes taken from barrels received from Salt Lake Co., Utah. The average weight of these potatoes must have been at least three pounds each. They are of the "mammoth pearl" variety, and came from a "prize acre" on the farm of R. M. Carlisle, of Mill Creek Precinct, in the county named. According to affidavits which accompanied the shipment the yield of this prize acre, which was carefully measured before the seed was planted, was 948 bushels. The potatoes are white and smooth, and Secretary Rusk, who caused a couple of them to be cooked, says that they are sound and of excellent flavor. The farmer who raised the crop seems to have been under the impression that the Department of Agriculture had offered a prize of \$500 for the biggest yield of potatoes from a single acre.

While the potato question was under discussion, Assistant Secretary Willets entered the room with a sample of winter wheat in an envelope and a package of letters, and said: "Your potatoes are all very well, but look at this." The sample of wheat was of the variety known where it was raised as the "Northcutt giant," the berry is plump and heavy and of a light amber color. It was sent to President Harrison by mail on the 7th of March, from Pullman, Whitman Co., Wash., by E. J. Northcutt, accompanied by the following letter:

I send you inclosed a sample of the Northcutt giant wheat from the prize acre entered in the Northwestern Industrial Exposition at Spokane Falls in October, 1890; yield 101 bushels, 11 pounds, to the acre. The land on which this wheat grew was not irrigated. It was sowed on the 1st of October, 1889, and harvested the 1st of August, 1890.

"You are the first President of the United States that ever received a present like this, and Washington the first State in the Union and perhaps in the world to raise that amount of wheat on one acre."

At 5 o'clock Monday evening Paul Shonebein, of New York, a middle-aged German laborer, was chiefly remarkable for his thinness, for he weighed but 120 pounds. At 6 o'clock from his appearance in Gouverneur Hospital, he looked as though he weighed at least 300 pounds.

The strange transformation had had but one parallel since the opening of the institution. It was caused by an injury. While at work that afternoon a number of boards fell on Shonebein breaking his ribs. One of the ribs penetrated his lungs, letting the air into the tissues and causing the swelling. He became inflated from head to heels to such an extent that his family did not know him.—The only other case in the history of the hospital was not as bad as this. The earlier victim recovered.

General Joseph E. Johnston, the celebrated Confederate warrior, died at Washington on Saturday night.

L. A. Rowe has leased his "Summer Villa" at Blue Ridge Summit for the season to a society composed of philanthropic ladies. It will, during the summer months, be occupied by young city women during their vacation from business, whose limited means debar them from patronizing the regularly established "summer resort."

The British Steamship Strathairly, bound from Santiago de Cuba to Baltimore, was wrecked on the North Carolina coast, Tuesday, near Chicamacomico, and seventeen men out of the crew of twenty-six were drowned.

Helen P. Clark, an Indian girl, who was a teacher at the Carlisle Indian School, has been appointed special allotment agent by the United States Government and left Carlisle Tuesday night for Montana, to assume the duties of her office. She will superintend the allotment of lands to the Indians.

Bessie Kauffman, a prepossessing young woman, was arrested at Harrisburg Saturday night charged with infanticide in Chambersburg. The body of the child was found in the yard attached to the residence in that town where the woman lived and garment wrapped about it was identified as hers. Her father is bookkeeper at the lunatic hospital at Harrisburg.

Captain Frank D. Baldwin, of the Fifth Infantry, U. S. A., who has been making a tour among the Sioux, declares there is no danger of an outbreak in the spring.

Superintendent Baker, of the Pittsburgh Board of health, has discovered the existence of five cases of spotted fever in the Laurenceville section of the city.

Eva Mann declares that the heirs of Ray Hamilton have offered her \$60,000 to settle the claims against his estate, but she demands \$75,000.

Ex-Congressman Charles N. Felton was elected to the United States Senate by the Republican majority of the California Legislature to succeed Senator Hearst.

The revised list of those lost in the sinking of the immigrant steamer Utopia off Gibraltar gives 552 out of a list of 850 souls.

Hugh C. Miller, aged 22 years, confessed to the Brooklyn police that he had set fire to two tenement houses on Saturday night. He said he was out of his mind at the time, but his plea of insanity was rejected by the police.

Dr. Edson of the New York Board of Health, has stated that he believes that there is an epidemic of grip in that city. The death rate last week stood at 840, which was about 200 above the average.

Pittsburg physicians have been busier than they ever were before, because of the prevalence of la grippe. There have been over 700 deaths in Pittsburg and Allegheny thus far this month. Grip, influenza, pneumonia, and typhoid fever are the chief causes. In the two cities there were fifty-one funerals last Sunday. There are twenty-seven hearses in the two places, and in some instances covered wagons were used, because no hearses could be secured.

Mrs. Elizabeth Witmer, residing with her son-in-law, George Vogle, near Elizabethtown, Lancaster county, committed suicide Monday morning by hanging herself to a stove pipe in her bedroom. Mrs. Witmer was over 80 years of age, and her mind is believed to have been affected. She was discovered hanging by her daughter, who cut her down, but life was already extinct.

Newfoundland is much agitated over the proposed action of the British Parliament in regard to French rights, and will send a delegation of protest to England. Should they be unheeded, the colony will seek annexation to the United States.

Three young men of Wilkesbarre, while out gunning ate some poisonous wild turnips, thinking they were artichokes. Two of them died from the effects and the other was made very sick.

Three colored children were burned to death in a fire which occurred in Baltimore Tuesday afternoon. The children, who were between 7 and 10 years old, are supposed to have started the fire while playing.

Mrs. Tom. Williams, living near Bradyville, Tenn., has given birth to five children in one year, twins at one time and triplets at another. The triplets arrived on Monday and are all girls, weighing six pounds each.

The mother of the Wigginton boys at Mt. Sterling, Ky., told the story of her sons deed by which three people were poisoned by arsenic. She related the story only when threatened with hanging and when the rope was put about her neck.

Geo. W. Glazer, a leading citizen of Owosso, Mich., is at Detroit suffering from a paralysis that has left him blind, dumb, deaf and without the sense of feeling. His case puzzles the doctors.

A Lady's Perfect Companion.

Every expectant mother should read our new book by Dr. J. L. Lyle, one of New York's most celebrated physicians. A perfect mother's guide, it tells how the fearful ordeal can be made easy, free from danger, and almost entirely painless, thus saving months of anxiety, dread, and suffering. Full of valuable information to ladies, answering hundreds of delicate questions. Send two-cent stamp for circulars, testimonials, and confidential letter. Address, FRANK THOMAS & Co., Publishers, Baltimore, Md.

THE MARKETS.

NEW OXFORD.—By Z. H. Cashman.	
Choice Wheat	\$1.00
No. 2 "	0.98
Rye "	0.80 @ 0.82
Corn "	0.68 @ 0.72
Oats "	0.50 @ 0.52
Clover seed	0.40
Timothy seed	\$1.00 @ \$1.25
Timothy hay	4.00 @ 5.50
Rye straw	8.00 @ 10.50

EAST BERLIN MARKETS.

By S. Morgan Smith, Sons & Co.	
No. 1 L. B. Wheat	\$0.94
No. 2 "	90
No. 1 Fultz "	90
No. 2 "	90
RETAIL.	
Snow Drift Flour 3 Bbl.	\$5.62
2nd grade "	4.15
Brn 3 hundred	1.00
Midlings	1.15
Oats	1.25

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 132 Fulton Street, N. Y.

SELLING OFF!

Intending to quit business, I will sell my entire stock of

**Men's and Boys' Clothing,
Hats and Caps,
Boots and Shoes,
Gents' Furnishing Goods,**

at such prices as will astnsh the natives. Call at once, as the stock must be closed out in thirty days,

REGARDLESS OF COST!

**D. MYERS, The Reliable
CLOTHIER.**

Andw. Dellone & Bro.'s Old Stand, next to Shirk's Hardware, HAOVER, Pa

**BARGAINS! BARGAINS!
AT THE RED FRONT!**

Florida Oranges only 25c. to 30c. per doz.
Fine Aspinwall Bananas 20c. to 25c. per doz.
Lemons 20c. doz. A full line of Dried and
Canned Fruits cheap. Senft Flour 65c. sack.
These goods have just been received and are fine.

Sliced Ham and Fresh Meat always on hand.

Call and examine.

THEO. E. WARNER, Prop'r.

We do all kinds of

Job Printing

and always give satisfaction.

New Oxford Select School.

THE Spring Term will begin on MONDAY
APRIL 6th, 1891. For particulars address
J. LOUIS NOWERS,
New Oxford, Pa.
N. B.—Latin will be taught by a competent
Instructor.

G. A. KLINGEL.

—FASHIONABLE—
BARBER AND HAIR DRESSER.

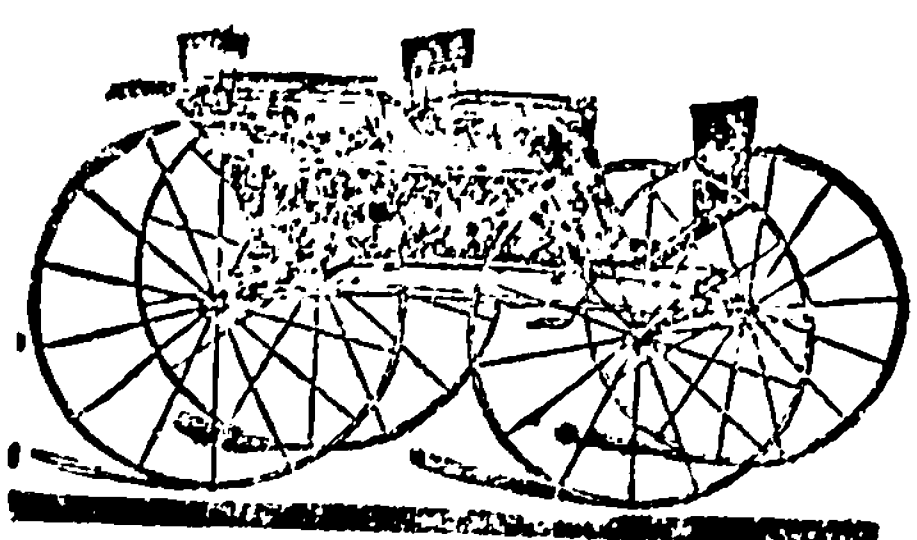
Shampooing and dyeing done in the finest
style. Razors honed and put in order at low-
est rates. Saloon next door to ITEM office,
Centre Square, New Oxford, Pa.

Subscribe for the ITEM, only \$1.

MONEY can be earned at our NEW line of work,
easily and honorably, by those
either sex, young or old, and in their
own localities, wherever they live. Any
one can do the work. Easy to learn.
We furnish everything. We start you. No risk. You can devote
your spare moments, or all your time to the work. This is an
entirely new lead, and brings wonderful success to every worker.
Beginners are earning from \$25 to \$50 per week and upwards,
and more after a little experience. We can furnish you the em-
ployer and teach you the work. No space to explain here. Full
information FREE. TRUE & CO., ALBANY, MAINE.

IF YOU do not take the
ITEM regularly send your
name in **FOR 25 cents!**
13 weeks for 25 cents!
Many good things appear
in its columns. We're sure
you will like it. 1 year \$1.

What's All This?

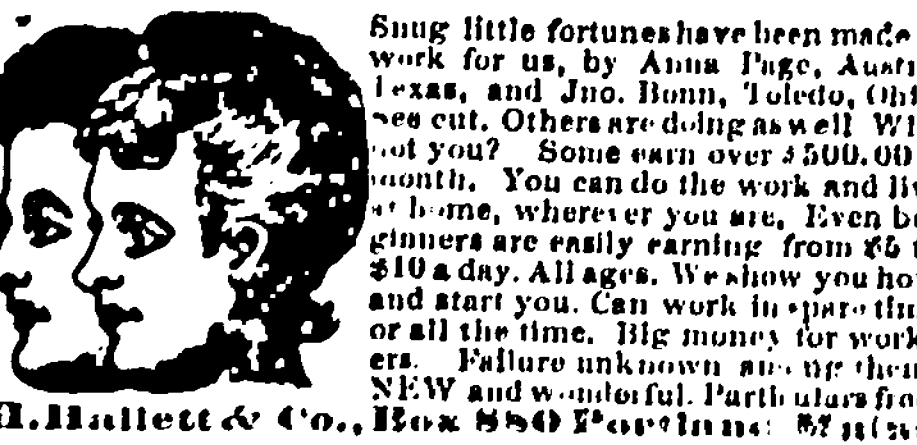


BOND & CO.,

have constantly on hand a number of
the handsomest, finest and best made

Buggies and Carriages,

to be had in the county, and their
prices are below the lowest, consider-
ing the quality of work. All work
guaranteed. Repairing of all
kinds done promptly and satisfaction
guaranteed. Shops on corner High
and Bolton Sts., New Oxford, Pa.



B. Hallett & Co., Box 850 Port Jervis, N.Y.

BOROUGH STATEMENT.

ANNUAL FINANCIAL STATEMENT of the
Borough of New Oxford, Pa., for the Finan-
cial year ending March 1st, 1891.

ABRAHAM SHEELY, Treasurer, in account
with the said Borough—
DR.

To balance as per audit of 1890.....\$ 69.19

To amount for cash hire.....2.30

" " from License.....2.00

" " for Fines.....1.50

" " for lamp from E. Neely.....0.75

" " for castings.....837.75

" " from Taxes.....

Total.....\$998.74

CR.

H. I. Smith, pub. acct. &c.....\$ 8.25

W. A. Warner, supt. and labor.....71.74

O. A. Smith, oil, globes, &c.....24.11

Wm. A. Himes, coal.....19.45

M. J. Smith, for janitor Fire Co.....30.00

George E. Milet, stone.....14.44

H. A. Sherman, painting.....9.60

G. T. Himes, for sex. wind. clock.....12.00

A. Sheely, for coal, &c.....13.84

J. E. Sandler, for services, &c.....75.02

W. E. Sheely, collector's fees.....25.12

Jos. S. Gitt, sec'y.....20.00

S. Mc Swape, attorney's fees.....6.00

Luther Hull, stone.....9.37

Ernest Sandler, labor.....8.70

Jacob Arbest, labor.....3.35

J. E. C. Miller, hardware.....1.15

Jacob Smith, lime.....2.23

J. W. Dicks, oil for town clock.....1.05

T. D. Smith, repairing lamps.....2.25

Weaver & Linger, smithing.....1.60

Hanson Stallenith, ploughing.....1.20

Frank Bomler, labor.....0.80

George Arbest, labor.....0.75

Jesse Cashman, stone.....0.75

J. W. Barnitz, stationery.....1.95

Diehl and Staub, su. ding, &c.....2.25

Charles Robinson, fixing gutter.....1.00

Albert & Himes, lock and shovel.....0.75

Geo. H. Hepler, oil and wax paid for same.....1.00

John Harbold, stone and labor.....0.75

Sheely & Brother, oil.....0.28

Bond \$200 and interest, paid.....201.66

Bond \$100 and interest, paid.....100.83

Interest on bonds to Jan. 1.....105.00

Order to Mrs. Brown.....25.00

Balance on hand.....\$199.45

WE, the undersigned Auditors of the Borough
of New Oxford having been duly sworn accord-
ing to law, report that we have carefully exam-
ined the accounts of Abraham Sheely, Treasurer
of said Borough for the year ending March 1st,
1891, and find the above statement correct.

THEO. E. WARNER } Auditors.
W. A. ARCHER }
J. C. BOND }

New Oxford, March 2, 1891.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

DAVID BROWN'S ESTATE.—Letters of Ad-
ministration on the estate of David Brown,
decd., late of Hamilton township, Adams coun-
ty, Pa., having been granted to the under-
signed, they hereby give notice to all persons indebted
to said estate to make immediate payment, and
those having claims to present them properly au-
thenticated for settlement.

H. M. WARTZ, New Oxford bar.,
CHARLES BROWN, Hamilton twp.,
Administrators.

NOTICE.

The public is hereby notified that all the
horses, cows, and farming implements and
machinery now in possession of John Reiser, of
Mount Pleasant township, Adams county, Pa.,
belonging to me and are my property, the same be-
ing loaned to him. All persons are warned not
to bargain or deal for the same except through
me.

HEZELIAH C. HAGERMAN.

NOTICE.

The public is hereby notified that I have pur-
chased at Private Sale, and have loaned to
John Myers, of the borough of New Oxford,
Pa., all the personal property now in his pos-
session, and the same is my property by actual
money purchase, and money paid for same. All
persons are warned not to bargain or deal for
the same except through me.

MARY JANE MYERS.

NOTICE.

The public is hereby notified that I have pur-
chased at Private Sale, and have loaned to
Cornelius Myers, of Oxford township, Adams
county, Pa., all the personal property now in his
possession, and the same is my property by actual
money purchase and money paid for same. All
persons are warned not to bargain or deal for
the same except through me.

HENRY MYERS,
Penn township, York county, Pa.

NEW IMPLEMENT HOUSE.

The undersigned would respectfully inform his
friends and the general public that he has open-
ed an Implement House at Mount Rock, Adams
county, Pa., where he will have on hand con-
stantly a full line of Farm Machinery, such as
Wm. Doering & Co.'s Junior Steel Binder, Deering's
Light Reaper, Deering's Giant Mower, 5 or
6 foot cut, Deering's Light Mower, Deering's 1-
horse Mower, Champion 8 ft. dump Hay Rake,
the best cut; Improved Corn Planters with phos-
phate attachment, to drop coarse home-made
fertilizers in any quantity; Mt. Joy Plows, Rid-
ing cultivators, Farm Wagons. The celebrated
Deering Binder Team will also be kept on hand
in case of need. If in want of any of the above, call
on or address

T. C. NOEL, Agt.,
Centennial, Pa.

A "W. A. F. E." I undertake to briefly
explain to you, who can read and write, and who
after instruction, will work industriously,
how to earn Three Hundred Dollars a
Year in their own homes, wherever they live. I will also furnish
the situation or employment at which you can earn that amount.
No money for my instructions—sent at once. Ready and quick
action. I desire but one worker from each district or county. I
have already taught and provided with employment a large
number of men making over \$100 a week. Call on T. C. NOEL
and J. C. ALLEN, Box 420, Augusta, Maine.

\$3000

FOR CASH

On and after March 1st we will sell For Cash Only. We call the at-

tion of Cash Buyers to this announcement, as we will make
our business specially interesting as to Values.

New Spring Goods Arriving!

THE LEADERS,

G. W. WEAVER & SON.

GETTYSBURG, PA.

The New Oxford Item.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY

BY H. I. SMITH.

TERMS—ONE DOLLAR per annum, in advance—ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS if not paid within year. No subscription discontinued unless at the option of the publisher, until all arrears are paid. A failure to order a discontinuance at the expiration of the time subscribed for, will be considered a new engagement.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted at the usual rates—large reductions to those who advertise by the year.

JOB PRINTING of every description—from the smallest label or card to the largest hand bill or poster—done with dispatch, at the lowest rates.

OFFICE on Centre Square, near Noel's grocery

FRIDAY EVENING, MAR. 27, 1891.

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

Spring.

Egg dyes.

Passion week.

Last week of Lent.

The buds are again swelling.

A good time now to advertise.

Blackbirds are making their appearance.

This week winds up most of the country schools.

The wheat fields look well and the prospect is for a good wheat crop.

April 1st, all fools and settlement day, will be here next Wednesday.

The failure of H. C. Riffe, cigar manufacturer, of Littlestown, is announced.

A pension of \$12 a month has been granted to Richard Myers, colored, of Gettysburg.

Business seems to be picking up, with fair indication of a good spring trade generally.

Nurserymen and fruitgrowers tell us that fruit is going to be very abundant this year.

The U. B. congregation of Littlestown have put a new organ in their church the past week.

One hundred and fifty boys of the Carlisle Indian School will go to the country by the first of April.

Conveyancers are busy preparing deeds, bonds and mortgages for property transfers on April 1st.

Mr. Jos. S. Gitt and wife, of this place, will spend several months with a daughter at Topeka, Kansas.

Prof. J. L. Sowers, of this place, has passed the preliminary examination and is reading law with Geo. J. Banner, Esq.

Last week Mr. Geo. Trostle, of York Springs, shipped a carload of potatoes to Baltimore and received \$1 per bushel for them.

If you want the address of your paper changed this spring, please notify us in time—giving the old as well as the new postoffice.

Building will commence in our town as soon as the weather permits, and from present indications a large amount of it will be done.

Mr. O. A. Smith, has sold the two-story brick dwelling house adjoining his store on Hanover street to Mr. G. L. Fink on private terms.

It is reported that Charles Long, one of the prisoners who recently broke jail at Gettysburg, died last week in Indiana.

Wm. Musselman, of Hanover, at one sitting, recently ate 19 hard boiled eggs, 2 pies, 6 sandwiches, 2 oranges and a pint of peanuts.

Mr. S. S. Stockeager, who recently moved to Philadelphia, is engaged there in the commission business with H. S. Leshner, No 6 S. Water St.

The days will lengthen quite rapidly from this time forward until the 21st of June, when they will be at their greatest length for the year.

Mr. G. A. Klingel added a live baby alligator to his menagerie this week. Mr. Klingel removed his barber shop from the Square to his residence on Hanover street, on Thursday.

Jno. A. Nicodemus, of Edgemont, an extensive peach grower, has examined his orchards and pronounces the crop "in excellent shape for a fine yield of venches this year." Last year Mr. Nicodemus was almost alone in predicting the peach failure.

Dig around the peach trees and examine the base of the trunk and the main roots for the worms and maggots that do damage at this season. The best remedy is to pour boiling water around the tree. The boiling water will also flow in on the borer and destroy it.

H. P. Cashman, of Bendersville, has been granted a pension of \$8 per month, also Peter Renner at the rate of \$12 per month, with back pay of \$80.

All the shares of the new manufacturing company, to be located in Littlestown, have been sold. The capital stock of the company is to be \$15,000.

Mr. T. C. Noel, of Mountpleasant township, has made an assignment to Mr. Geo. E. Stock, and Mr. F. X. Noel, of same township, to Dr. G. L. Rice.

A force of between thirty and forty men are at work on the building for the Ketterer wagon factory at Hanover, and rapid progress is being made.

A wedding took place near Fairfield last week in which the following relationship exists: The father of the bride is also the brother-in-law of the groom.

Mr. and Mrs. Adams, the present managers of the St. James and Albion hotels, Baltimore, have leased the Monterey Springs for the coming season.

There's nothing in the rumor that the P. R. R. had purchased the Diller R. R. connecting the Caledonia iron works with the Mont Alto R. R. near Fayetteville.

B. F. Shriver & Co., of Union Mills, Md., shipped from Littlestown 3,000 cases of canned goods to Pittsburg, 2,500 of which were hauled there from Westminster.

Mr. Vincent O'Bold has already shipped several car loads of fat cattle to market, and still has about one hundred fine ones left. Prices are tending upwards.

Emanuel's Reformed congregation of Hanover, has unanimously voted to extend a call as pastor to Rev. George B. Resser, of Lebanon, who has accepted the call.

The United Brethren are to build a new brick church at Pipe Creek 45 by 80 feet. The present church was built in 1806, added to in 1866. Previous to 1806 they had a log building.

The Gettysburg battle field will have a companion spot of patriotic memories in the proposed National military park at the field of Chickamunga and Chattanooga and \$200,000 have been appropriated by Congress to complete the establishment of the park.

Last Wednesday, while Geo. Staveley was on a scaffold making some improvements to the barn on Levi Harner's farm, about 1½ miles west of Littlestown, the scaffold broke and precipitated him to the ground, breaking one of his arms.

The Carlisle shoe factory is making a pair of Oxford ties for Mrs. McKee, daughter of President Harrison. The shoes will be very fine, the buckles and eyelets being made of silver. They were ordered through a Washington firm.

Pension agents have received circulars from Commissioner Raum, calling attention to bogus agents demanding from applicants \$1 or like sums for postage and other expenses incurred in prosecuting claims. The circular says only the fee of \$10 can be charged for securing a pension.

As the beautiful snowflake melts away before the life-giving rays of the "central sphere," so do all carnal affections succumb to the genial influence of Old Saul's Catarrh Cure. 25 cts.

Everything conducive to the better condition of the baby is sure to attract attention, and hence it is that Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup is becoming more and more appreciated, as its wonderful influence in subduing the diseases of babyhood becomes recognized. Price 25 cts.

Our exchanges are warning their readers to look out for a gang of men traveling about the country making contracts for painting roofs. If they offer to paint your roof for \$5, or any price, don't fail to ask them how much they charge for the paint they put on before you close the contract. It is in the price of the paint where the fraud exists.

As the spring opens the orchards will require cultivation and fertilizers. The best fertilizers for all kinds of fruit crops are those abounding largely in potash, such as ashes and muriate or sulphate of potash. Bone meal is also excellent, and nitrate of soda gives good results, especially on small fruits, but the most important ingredient of the fertilizer potash is some form.

FOR SALE.—Two pairs of window frames and shutters; also a lot of lumber and other frames. Will be sold at a bargain. Apply at the store of Gilbert & Himes.

Mr. William Heyser, of Hamilton township, reports great injury to his growing crop of wheat and the crops of some of his neighbors from the ravages of a small worm. It would be well if farmers keep an eye on their fields, with a view to ascertain the extent of these injuries.

Ann Eckenrode, whose pilferings in York where the subject of an article some time ago, and who was accused of stealing a ring from a Harrisburg citizen, has had her trial in the Dauphin county court and was sentenced to pay a fine of \$5 and undergo five months' imprisonment in the county jail of that county. She at one time lived in Gettysburg.

I would not enter on my list of friends the man who needlessly sets his foot upon a worm," and yet I expect I have a friend (or two) who would see his horse limp all day before he'd spend twenty-five cents for a bottle of Salvation Oil.

U. S. Post Department, Washington, D. C.—I have used Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup in my family and find it a valuable remedy for croup, coughs and colds. W. S. Curtis, Acting Chief Clerk.

Prof. Carl Myers, the aeronaut who has given balloon ascensions in the Cumberland Valley, is about to experiment, under the directions of the United States government, on a plan for producing rain. Prof. Myers' way of doing this is to fill big paper balloons with one part of oxygen gas and two parts of hydrogen, send the balloons high into the air and by an electrical arrangement explode them there. The combination of the two gases will make a terrific explosion and the gases will produce water which is expected to wet the earth in unusually dry seasons.

A novel sight is witnessed every morning by the people living along Baltimore street, Littlestown, between the railroad and post office, in the person of "Prince." Mr. Chas. A. Wiest's dog, "Prince," is the regular mail carrier for the National Hotel. When the mail train arrives Prince will start off to the post office and there wait until the mail is distributed, when he will go up to the delivery window and take the mail given him in his mouth, and start off for home. Mr. Wiest says that he is not afraid to trust him with anything in the mail line, as he has never lost anything, as yet.

The following special from Baltimore to the New York Tribune appeared in that paper Monday: The movement among the Maryland Lutherans for the removal of the Lutheran Theological seminary from Gettysburg to this city has taken practical shape. Many wealthy Lutherans of Baltimore have promised assistance, and the fund for the new college is rapidly growing. The Rev. Dr. Geo. Scholl, chairman of the committee, has had plans drawn for three buildings, to cost \$75,000, and negotiations are now in progress for a site in North Baltimore, not far from the Methodist Women's college.

New Post Office.

A post office has been established at Hon. Wm. A. Martin's, in Menallen township, to be known as "Boyd's," with Mrs. Martin as postmistress. The office will be served daily from Wrensville.

Boyd's is on the old Shippensburg road, and was a tavern one hundred years ago. As high as twenty covered wagons stopped there many a night. The property was sold by Andrew Boyd (of Baltimore) to William Boyd (of York) in 1794, according to papers now in possession of Hon. W. A. Martin.

Doing a Large Business.

On December 1st last Mr. John W. Myers took possession of the Myers Mill, near town, and since then he has, by his superior skill in making flour and feed, been steadily enlarging the trade of that mill, and gaining for its products so good a name that it now ranks among the first in the county. Mr. Myers is a very industrious, genial sort of a fellow, who thoroughly understands his trade and sticks closely to business, which large accounts for the increased patronage of the mill.

Auction.

Saturday evening, 28th inst., Mr. O. A. Smith, will sell some odds and ends from his former stock, at the old store room, Cor. Square and Hanover street. There will be some bargains. Don't miss it.

Broke Her Collar Bone.

Wednesday afternoon as Miss Lucy, a young daughter of Mr. James Robinson, of near town, was playing with her schoolmates at the Parochial school, she fell from a fence and broke her collar bone. Dr. Sheetz attended her.

Destroyed by Fire.

On last Wednesday, the barn on one of Mr. Philip Silik's farms, in Menallen township, was burned. The tenant, Mr. Geo. Beamer and family, were absent. When the nearest neighbors got there their first effort was to save the house, which they did with the greatest difficulty, it having taken fire at several places. The barn, 2 No. 1 mules, 1 horse, 2 wagons, 2 buggies, new mower, horse rake, harness, and all his farm implements, about 15 tons of hay, a lot of straw, and wheat and oats, were consumed. The cattle in the yard made their escape by breaking through the fence and getting away. Mr. Silik had the barn insured in the Mummaburg Fire Company for \$700, and Mr. Beamer had his stock, except one horse, and contents of barn insured in the Citizens' Co., of New York, for \$750. The origin of the fire is a mystery.

Gen. Langhorne Wister Dead.

General Wister was a gallant soldier and his bravery at Gettysburg, where he was severely wounded, won for him promotion. Some years after an excursion party, of which Gossip was one, was shown over the field in company with Colonel Wister. Holtzworth, the famous guide, stopped in the road which Pickett's division charged across, and told of the famous exploits of that day. Pointing to a spot where they stood, Mr. Holtzworth remarked: "Just there General Wister was wounded." A hush fell upon those present and they looked at each other. Holtzworth thought he had made a bad break and looked around inquiringly. As he did so two gentlemen stepped up to him and one said: "Mr. Holtzworth, this is General Wister." As the two old soldiers shook hands, General Wister said: "Yes, you are right, it was on that very spot that I was shot." The incident made a deep impression on those who witnessed it. General Wister was made a Brigadier General for his gallantry at Gettysburg and was afterwards promoted to a Major Generalship.—Harrisburg Telegram.

Barn Burned.

Tuesday night the large bank barn on the Cocklin farm owned by Mrs. H. G. Moser, of near Shiremanstown, was entirely destroyed by fire. The barn was a large structure and in good repair. During the day Geo. Cocklin held a public sale and disposed of all his stock except one horse. About eleven o'clock as Mr. Baker was driving past the barn he noticed a man running away from the shed and shortly thereafter the barn was seen to be all ablaze. The neighboring bells announced the alarm, but the fire had gained such rapid headway that the stock could not be saved.

Thirteen head of horned cattle belonging to persons who purchased them during the day, were burned to death; two horses, one belonging to Henry Cocklin and one to George Beelman were burned to death, together with a lot of hogs, a traction engine and threshing machine, a large lot of hay belonging to purchasers and a lot of machinery belonging to the incoming farmer. The barn, corn crib and wagon shed were all burned down, except the chicken house.—Bulletin.

Religious Notices.

Lutheran church, Sunday, March 29—9 a. m., Sunday school; 6 p. m., Y. P. S. C. E. meeting, topic: Promise Meeting, leader C. C. Stough; 7 p. m., interesting Easter services by the school. Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock prayer meeting.

In the M. E. church, Sunday there will be Easter services and preaching in the morning, Sunday school in the afternoon and a meeting of Epworth League in the evening. The pastor, Rev. T. C. Dunning, on Tuesday evening commenced a protracted meeting, to be continued for an indefinite time.

In the Catholic church there will be Mass on Sunday morning at 8 o'clock.

Will Be Here Soon.

Mr. Chas. Walter, of the firm of Walter & Snyder, opticians, of Frederick, sends us word that he will visit our town sometime in April. The date of his arrival will be announced later. During his former visit to place Mr. Walter fitted quite a number of our people with eyeglasses, and as far as we are able to learn, with entire satisfaction to those fitted. Any one having defective vision would do well to wait until Mr. Walter arrives and have him examine the eyes. Parties wishing Mr. Walter to visit them at their homes should leave their addresses at the Eagle Hotel.

Court.

Judge McClean Tuesday morning rendered his decision disposing of exposing of exceptions in the 72d Pa. monument controversy, sustaining the Master's report, which gives the regiment the position they ask for their monument.

The City Hotel license, Gettysburg, was transferred to J. A. Hughes and the Battlefield Hotel to Geo. W. Warren.

House Burned.

Shortly after noon last Thursday the upper part of Mr. Leighton Trostle's house, in Cumberland township, on the Ridge road, was discovered to be on fire, supposed to have caught from a defective flue. So rapid was the spread of the flames that little or nothing in the house was saved. A new out-kitchen near by was also consumed. There is an insurance of \$300 on the new building, in the Dwelling House Company, of Boston.

Removed.

Mr. O. A. Smith, this week, removed his grocery store from Cor. Square and Hanover street, a few doors further up Hanover street to his handsome new room, where he will be pleased to see all his former customers and the public generally. A larger and more complete line of everything pertaining to his business. Call to see him.

From Cashtown.

Mr. James Degroft, of near Hilltown, had the misfortune to have a hoisting jack lever slip and strike on the right side of his head, a short time ago. An attack of erysipelas was the result. He is now convalescent.

An eight-year-old son of Mr. Taylor Kime, living near Butt's mill, while walking in a corn field, tripped and fell over a cornstalk, breaking both bones of his right arm near the wrist joint.

WANTED.—A good girl to learn dressmaking, one who knows how to handle the needle well. Must be of good character. Inquire at this office.

An attempt was made to burn down a row of tenement houses, on 121st St., New York, near Second Avenue, Sunday, but was discovered before the fire had reached the air shaft. The knobs had been removed from the doors, imprisoning the tenants, and a great loss of life would have resulted had the flames got a headway.

Our Sale Register.

MARCH.

28th, Saturday, P. J. Noel, New Oxford boro., Furniture, &c.
28th, Saturday, Henry Chrysler, New Oxford—10 sheep, horse, &c.
30th, Monday, Emanuel Chronen, Oxford tn., at Hendrix Station—household furniture.

APRIL.

11th, Saturday, John Miller, Adm'r, Hamilton twp.—household goods, &c.
6th, Monday, William E. Wiser, Tyrone twp., near New Chester,—horses, cows, &c.

MARRIED.

Mar. 17, by Rev. J. K. Demarest, D. D., Mr. William A. Bigham, of Freedom township, to Miss Mary J. daughter of Silas M. Horner of Cumberland twp.

Mar. 20, by G. W. Wilson, Esq., Wm. D. Eldred to Miss Ida Lupp, both of Butler twp.

Mar. 18, by Rev. W. J. Sherer, Jas. C. Sanders to Miss Sally Heyser, both of Hamiltonban twp.

DIED.

Deaths free, tributes, verces, &c, 5 cents a line

March 13, in Union township, Mr. Adolph Drescher, aged 81 years, 10 months and 7 days.

March 9, in Lancaster, Mrs. Lydia C., wife of Philip Dersom of that city. Mrs. D. was a daughter of David Little of near Gettysburg.

March 24, in this place, Mr. Francis Hemler, aged about 35 years. Deceased leaves a wife and four small children.

A father dear, a father kind,
Has gone and left us here behind.
Gone to weep, for tears are vain,
A father dear is out of pain.

A precious one from us has gone,
A voice we loved is stilled,
A place is vacant in our home,
Which never can be filled.

By A. NIECE, L. J. M.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the rapidly and permanently curable of Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma, and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellow-men. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French, English, with full directions for preparation and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, to A. A. NOYES, 890 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

FALCONRY.

A REVIVAL OF ONE OF THE NEW DIVERSIONS.

Picturesque Description of the Sport—How to Train a Hawk for Field Purposes—American Birds of Prey.

A rainbow had been shattered by the hammer of Thor, and the fragments were scattered over the western sky; a blood-red highway ran in a straight line over the sea to the sun, which rested like a ball of molten metal on the horizon. There was a sudden rushing sound, and bolt from heaven struck in the midst of the sun path, scattering a shower of jewels that reflected back the sunset hues of the sky. An instant later an American osprey rose from the waves with its glistening prey in its talons. It was a noble sight—a grand plunge, an unerring aim, a skilful and quick recovery; and as I watched the bird rise higher and higher over my boat, and thought what grand and artistic and intensely interesting sport it would be to discard our hooks and lines, our creeping and crawling and disgusting bait, and to substitute a ring or perch of ospreys, hooded and belled like the falcons of old. It was an enchanting fancy, and nothing but the grim necessity of being compelled to make a living has deterred me from carrying out the idea.



MISUNDERSTANDING WITH A "HAGGARD."

The ancient sport of falconry is about to be revived by a number of wealthy men in New Jersey, where, in the open country, there are excellent opportunities for fun with hawk and dogs.

Falconry was introduced into England about the fourth century, and flourished during the Middle Ages and the Renaissance. From the peasant with his sparrow-hawk to the crowned king with his gerfalcon, all were passionately fond of hawking. What were then considered vast fortunes were expended upon the cultivation of this sport. The grand master of the order of St. John of Jerusalem sent twelve falcons annually to the kings of France. A French knight of the order conveyed the birds to his monarch, for which service he received as a present his traveling expenses and money equivalent to \$15,000 a year. Louis XIII was daft on falconry, and always went hawking before going to church. Albert de Luynes made a fortune by his scientific training and treatment of the birds. Baron de la Chastaigneraie, chief falconer for Louis XIII, cared for 140 birds, and employed 100 men to assist him in their care.

England and Germany were enthusiastic on the subject of hawking. No lady or gentleman, noble or ecclesiastic, with any self-respect, would appear in public without a pet bird mounted upon the gauntleted wrist. The officiating clergy even took their birds to church with them, only leaving them perched upon the altar steps while engaged in the actual church service.

Formerly falcons were divided into two classes, noble and inferior. The gerfalcon was the nobility in the bird aristocracy, and the others, the falcon, the hobby, the merlin, etc., had to content themselves with riding on the gloved hands of esquires and people of small importance.

The United States is well supplied with birds of prey, none of which probably are not susceptible of being trained for the chase. That they can be trained



I know, having as a lad reared many, and taught them to come at my call and to be gentle in their behavior, not pinching my wrist when perching upon it. This is half the battle, and any one with time and patience can do the rest.

In selecting a bird try to secure a brancher, that is, a bird that has been long enough out of the nest to hop from limb, but is as yet incapable of flight and consequently unable to provide for its own wants. Paupers are always servile, and as this young bird must live upon your charity he will be more easily tamed than a haggard, that is, a full grown bird that is perfectly competent to hunt for himself and supply his own wants, and is consequently independent, and, under restraint, fierce and savage. Young birds that have just left their wild cradle on rock or treetop are called eyas, and are the most easily tamed and trained; but they are apt to lack the strength and audacity of the brancher or the haggard.

The brancher may be caught by the lure of a pigeon or a quail, and the haggard by means of a decoy and a net. There is a deadly enmity between the hawks and their nocturnal rivals, the owls, and hence an owl is frequently used as a decoy to induce the haggards to swoop down for the opportunity of a blow at their hated enemy. A tame hawk or falcon also makes an excellent decoy for his wild brothers.

In the early spring hawks' nests can be found within twenty minutes' journey, by rail or ferry from New York City, and young ones procured, which will prove interesting pets to those who care to bestow time upon them. Should a demand for young or trained birds arise, there are plenty of dealers in birds and animals who would hasten to supply the market with both the domestic and imported article, but if any of the readers of this paper think of seriously trying their hand at hawking, they will enjoy the sport the more and understand the birds the better if they rear and train them by their own hand.

Hawks and falcons, being of wild and violent natures, are at first insensible to both punishment and caresses; hence with an intractable bird want of light and food is the only punishment that will affect it, and it is of the utmost importance that the same person should always administer its food and care for the bird's welfare. Having secured a brancher, shackle its legs with the supple thongs of straps called bewits; the bewits usually terminate with bells. With an old army buckskin gauntlet protect your hand and wrist, place the bird upon your gauntleted wrist, and carry it about with you night and day, giving it no opportunity for rest. If your falcon or hawk tries to bite and fight you, douse his head into a pail of cold water, and it will quiet him, and then put on the leather hood, which will keep him in complete darkness. Three days and nights of this will make the wildest bird inclined to be docile to a certain extent. Next teach the bird to take its food quietly, allowing no fluttering, fighting or undue excitement during its meal. Feed it with your hand and never do so without whistling or giving the peculiar call, whatever it may be, by which you intend to summon the bird in the future, when you wish it to resume its perch upon your wrist. It will by this means learn to recognize the call and associating the noise with food, and food with its perch upon your gauntlet, will always fly to your wrist when you call. Familiarize your charge with horses, dogs and strangers.

When the ruling classes wish to strengthen their power over their poorer brethren, they seek to make the poor dependent upon the bounty of the rich for their support, and by thus destroying the independence of the so-called lower classes, the ones in power retains their position. Now exactly the same policy must be pursued with a wayward or foolish bird that prefers freedom and self-support to wearing a plumed hood on its



A DOCCLE STRIKE.

head and bewits on its legs. With such a bird, excite its appetite by forcing it to swallow pellets of tow mixed with a little wormwood and garlic. This will increase its hunger and thereby make it more dependent upon its master, and consequently more docile, and the pleasure it derives from the gratification of this artificial appetite will attach it more closely to its master who feeds it.

In a week or less the bird is tamed, and then you can commence with the training. Take the falcon out in your yard, or, if you live in the city and have no back yard, seek a retired spot in the park. Put a piece of meat on your hand and, calling the bird, teach it to hop on your hand. By no means allow it to partake of the meat until it has answered your call. Next fasten the meat to a lure made of a flat piece of

wood and covered on both sides with the wings of the bird you intend to hunt or the skin of the animal you expect your hawk to pounce upon. Unhood your bird and show it the lure. If the bird strikes the lure, allow it to take the meat when it has answered your call and returned to your wrist. The string attached to the lure may be from ten to more than thirty yards in length, and when the bird swoops down upon the lure at the full length of the string and will then obey the call, you are on the road to success and know that the bird recognizes the lure, and knows that by answering your call it will be entitled to the meat for its reward. This point gained, you need no longer fear allowing your bird freedom, because at a moment's notice you can reclaim him with the call or signal; even if he be soaring high overhead, at the sound of the call he will descend to his accustomed perch upon the hawkstick.



THE IMPLEMENTS OF FALCONRY.

You may now show your bird living game by letting the real animals or birds, represented by the lure, fly or run hard-capped by strings fastened to their legs. If your falcon takes these properly, binds the game well, and is obedient to the call, you are safe to take him to the field and try him on wild game, and if you are fond of field sports you will be more than repaid for your perseverance and trouble in breaking your brancher.

Although the word falcon is often used indiscriminately for any or all birds used to hunt, yet in the language of falconry there are many distinctions, according to Yarrel; for instance, the female peregrine was exclusively called the falcon, and on account of her great size, power and courage, was usually flown at herons and ducks; the male, often only two-thirds the size of his male, was called torcel, tiercel and tiercelet, and was flown at partridges and magpies.

Soon after the Norman conquest the birds were regulated by law with nice distinctions; one style was for kings, as we have before stated, another for princes of the blood, still others for dukes and great lords—fifteen grades in all, which reached down to the knave.

Naturalists are as bad as the Normans or worse, and divide and sub-divide and quarrel over the sub-divisions. In 1874 two well-known authorities published a list, one making six species of goshawks (Astur), and the other thirty-one; the latter made only twenty-three sparrow-hawks and the former forty-five. According to the latest authority at hand, the hawks differ from true falcons in not having a toothed or notched bill.

The goshawk of the United States is one of our handsomest birds of prey; the crown of his head is deep black and the upper parts bluish-slate, darker at the tail. There are no cross-bars on the throat, but each individual feather has an artistically arranged dot or dash of color. It has dark tinged wings, a tail of the same hue, with obscure bands across it. A broad white stripe with fine black penciling running from above and behind the eye adds expression and fierceness to the face. Audubon loved to watch this bird and describe its bold, daring adventures as on strong wing it sailed over the American wilds that have since become populous towns and farming districts. It would take a volume to describe each species and be unnecessary, as the only object of this article is to attract the attention of the sportsman to the grand possibilities for sport that would be opened by a revival of hawking.

The fair sex would also have an opportunity, for "in days of old, when knights were bold," the knight always paid his court to his fair one by his marked attention to the falcons. Using the greatest judgment in flying the bird at the proper moment, never losing sight of it, encouraging it by calls, following it and securing the prey from the death-dealing talons, and with a caress as a reward for the lucky or skillful work, the knight would slip the hood over the bird's head, and with all the grace he could assume place the falcon on the slender wrist of his and the bird's mistress.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A prominent actor was playing Macbeth in Australia, and when he came to the murder scene he asked in vain for the blood with which he had intended to imbue his hands. After abusing the property man roundly for his neglect, the actor struck with a happy thought, suddenly hit the functionary on the nose, so that a good supply of crimson fluid was obtained.

Westville, Ind., has a cow which quenches her thirst at the village pump tossing the handle of the pump with her horns until sufficient water flows for her needs.

CATARH CURED.

Only Three Things Necessary to Cure any Case of Chronic Catarrh. Time, Pain, and the Proper Remedy. The Remedy has the Time—All Can Get the Remedy. Experience Alone is Wanting—Syrup of Figs Cures Catarrh by Dr. J. M. Hartman, of Columbus, Ohio.

WHAT DOCTORS SAY OF CATARRH.

Whether chronic catarrh can be permanently cured or not is a question about which there is a great difference of opinion among the professional few, and also among the non-professional masses. The majority of physicians dislike to undertake the cure of this disease because they know that only the most tireless patience and faithful obedience on the part of the patient, as well as skillful treatment on the part of the physician, will be rewarded with success. Hence it is that a great proportion of the medical fraternity hesitate or refuse to treat chronic catarrh on the plea that it is incurable.

WHY SOME PATIENTS FIND NO CURE.

Hence it is also that so many patients fail in finding a cure because of their unwillingness to continue treatment long enough. Many people who have had chronic catarrh for five, ten, and even fifteen years, will follow treatment for a few weeks, and then, because they are not cured, give up in despair and try something else. These patients never follow any one treatment long enough to test its merits, and consequently never find a cure. It is a well known law of disease that the longer it has run the more tenaciously it becomes fastened to its victim.

CHRONIC DISEASES RECOVER SLOWLY.

Some doctors go so far as to say that it will take as long to cure a disease as the disease has run; but while I do not believe that this is, necessarily, true, yet it is beyond dispute that the longer the catarrh has run the more difficult of cure it becomes. It seems to be very hard to get patients to understand this fact and submit to the inevitable.

PALLIATIVES DO NOT CURE.

The difficulty with which catarrh is cured has led to the invention of a host of remedies which produce temporary relief only. The unthinking masses expect to find some remedy which will cure them in a few days, and to take advantage of this false hope many compounds which have instant but transient effect have been devised. The proprietary catarrh cures one after another, but disappointment is the inevitable result, until very many sincerely believe that no cure is possible.

LOCAL APPLICATION CAN NOT CURE.

The various kinds and modes of local applications, such as sprays, atomizers, douches, inhalants, fumigations, creams, ointments, lotions, gargles, etc., etc., have in many cases a soothing effect on the inflamed surfaces, and are sometimes useful to assist a cure; but neither of them nor all of them together ever did or ever will cure a case of catarrh. These things may give temporary relief, but it is useless to expect a cure of them. Catarrh is not a local disease, hence can not be cured by local treatment.

CATARRH IS A SYSTEMATIC DISEASE,

and therefore requires persistent internal treatment, often for many months, before a permanent cure is effected. The mucous lining of the cavities of the head, throat, lungs, etc., are made up of a network of minute blood vessels called capillaries. The capillaries are very small elastic tubes, which, in all cases of chronic catarrh, are congested or bulged out with blood so long that the elasticity of the tubes are entirely destroyed. The nerves which supply these capillaries with vitality are called the "vasa-motor" nerves. Any medicine to reach the real difficulty and exert the slightest curative action in any case of catarrh must operate directly on the vasa-motor system of nerves. As soon as these nerves become strengthened and stimulated by the action of a proper remedy they restore to the capillary vessels of the various mucous membranes of the body their normal elasticity. Then, and only then, will the catarrh be permanently cured. Thus it will be seen that catarrh is not a blood disease, as many suppose, but rather a disease of the mucous blood vessels. This explains why it is that so many excellent blood medicines utterly fail to cure catarrh.

THE ONLY HOPE OF SUCCESS

In the permanent cure of a case of chronic catarrh is to devise some remedy that will stimulate the nerves which supply the capillary blood vessels. I know of but one remedy that has this most desirable effect, and that remedy is Pe-ru-na. This remedy strikes at once at the root of the catarrh by restoring to the capillary vessels their healthy elasticity. Pe-ru-na is not a temporary palliative, but a radical cure. Its action is necessarily slow, but permanent.

CATARRH IS CURABLE.

In the majority of cases (especially those of less than two years' duration), catarrh can be cured in a few weeks by the proper use of Pe-ru-na. Some cases are cured by six bottles, others by four, and we have not a few testimonials who have professed a cure from even one bottle of this remedy. Where a case of catarrh has existed for five or ten years a permanent cure can not be reasonably hoped for in less than three or four months, and in some rare cases the continued use of Pe-ru-na for one year has been necessary to effect a permanent cure. But, unless the case is very old or complicated, a speedy and permanent cure is sure.

THESE ARE FACTS

based on many years' use of this most excellent catarrh remedy. No one could be more anxious than myself to discover some catarrh remedy that would cure in less time, but it seems to be an impossibility to do so. It is not only true of catarrh, but also of all other chronic diseases, that it takes time and persistent treatment to cure.

A CURE GUARANTEED.

To all those who conscientiously follow the above advice a cure is guaranteed. There need be no failures. Each bottle of Pe-ru-na is accompanied with complete directions for use. The remedy can be had of any Wholesale Druggist in the United States and most Retail Druggists. A pamphlet on catarrh of use to those who are about to begin treatment sent free by the Pe-ru-na Medicine Company of Columbus, Ohio.

The black rat of Ireland is so rare outside of its own country that one was kept for 20 years in the menagerie of the Paris Museum.

Oklahoma Guide Book and Map, sent free on receipt of 5c. Tyler & Co., Kansas City, Mo.



No Sex in Writing.

A well known newspaper proprietor tells an experience of his own in illustration of his belief that, given a fair chance, women will often do even better work than men as writers for newspapers. "For years," he says, "we have published a weekly article which has attracted widespread attention and interest. It is, I may say, one the leading features of the paper. For a long time it was written by a man whom I had not seen. One morning his wife came to me, saying her husband was ill, and unable to do his work any longer. For a number of months past she had been writing his editorials for him, and had now come to ask if she could continue doing so. 'Certainly,' said I. 'If you have been writing them you can go on; but say nothing of the change to any one.' Some time after this the husband died. On going to the office in the morning, one of my editors met me with a face a yard long. 'Mr. Blank is dead,' said he, 'and I don't know what we are going to do without him. His articles were such a special feature, and there is no one else in the country with ability enough to write them.' 'Isn't there?' I asked. 'But do you think that they have been as good as usual of late?' 'Better,' he replied. 'The articles became stronger and wiser the older he grew. During the last few months they have been particularly good. We can never secure any one who could do them one-tenth as well,' he added mournfully. 'Oh, yes, we can,' I answered. 'It may interest you to know that for more than a year past Mr. Blank has not written one line for the paper.' 'Not written one line?' gasped my amazed editor. 'No; for the last year and longer Mrs. Blank has been doing her husband's work, and she is still quite capable of continuing to do so.' And she did, and does to-day.

Smoked Himself to Death.

The most fantastic story told is that of the strange and slow suicide of the Baron Bela Olini, at Pesth, in the year 1875. The Baron was supposed to be very wealthy. He had a wife and six children. He lost his money in speculation, but this was not known. He went to Paris and insured his life for 100,000 gueldens each in five companies. He returned to Pesth, and his habits began to change. He absented himself from home for long periods every day. The picture of health, he began to droop and pine away. In ten months he died of what the doctors called galloping consumption. The insurance companies were suspicious, and their detectives unearthed a most wonderful plot. The nobleman was discovered to have hired a small room in a remote and mean portion of the city. It was broken into, and found to be furnished with a comfortable sofa, a table, two chairs and two chests. In one of these was found a comfortable dressing-gown, a pair of loose Turkish trousers, a fez, and a dozen long pipes. In the other was found about two hundred strong Havana cigars and a half pound of common smoking tobacco. From the wrappers found in the bottom of the chest it would appear that in less than eight months the nobleman had smoked about 3,500 cigars, and about one hundred pounds of smoking tobacco, having deliberately poisoned himself with nicotine.—St. Louis Globe.

The French Government is reported to have sold to an Antwerp firm the right to mine manganese ore in the Pyrenees. At present the only mines in Europe producing this material are those in Greece, the Caucasus and Siegerland, but deposits are known to exist also in Spain and Portugal.

Lee Wa's Chinese Headache Cure. Harmless effect, quick action. In action. Set prepaid on receipt of \$1 per bottle. Adler & Co., 522 W. Main street, Kansas City, Mo.



ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and \$1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

MIZPAH.

"The Lord watch between me and thee, when we are absent one from another."—GENESIS XXXI, 49.

I kissed your lips, and held your hands,
And said, "Farewell," and went away,
Well knowing that another day
Would speed you forth to other lands.
And down the summer-scented street
I heard you echoing voice repeat
The Hebrew motto, quaint and sweet—
"Mizpah."

A thousand miles between us lay
When autumn passed, in lingering flight,
And drenched with fragrant dew at night
The woodland fires he lit by day;
But, all the golden distance through,
From you to me and me to you
Went out the tender prayer and true—
"Mizpah."

The winter night falls cold and bleak;
I sit, in saddened mood, alone,
And listen to the wind's low moan,
And hide a fear I dare not speak.
For you are far, so far away,
And younger lips have turned to clay;
Dear love! I tremble while I pray,
"Mizpah."

But spring shall blossom up the plain;
And Easter lilies scent the air,
And song-birds riot everywhere,
And heart and hope grow glad again.
Yet still my nightly prayer shall be,
Though swallows build or swallows flee,
Until my love come back to me,
"Mizpah."

And when, with flowers of June, you come,
And face to face again we stand,
And heart to heart and hand to hand,
O love! within the one dear home,
We shall not need to say again,
In winter's snow or summer's rain,
Till death shall come to part us twain,
"Mizpah."

—Homer Greene, in Lippincott.

OLD MRS. DILL.

When all the other women in Camp Paradise went away old Mrs. Dill stayed on.

"I come to the mountings in fifty-nine," she often said, "an' I've lived in the mountings ever since, an' it ain't the first time I've been left the only woman they was in a minin' camp. I've lived long ez a year 'thout seen' the face of no woman 'ceptin' my own when I looked in a bit of lookin'-glass. I was the first woman in Camp Paradise, an' I reckon I'll be the last to leave 'er."

Her many years of life in the "mountings" had told on Mrs. Dill. She was bent and gaunt, with a leathery, wrinkled face, and bony, calloused hands. Her face and voice—her whole manner—was masculine. The few graces that old age vouchsafes its chosen ones had not been given to Mrs. Dill. She was uncouth and repelling in appearance, the result of years of struggling against adverse fates amid the demoralizing influences of mining camp life. "They ain't no kind o' roughing it that I ain't used to," she often said. "Lord! I ain't roughed it I don't know who has. They ain't a gulch in this part o' the mountings I ain't been in or a trail I ain't been over. I've lived in tents an' log cabins an' sometimes under nothin' but the trees, for most thirty year. Dill he never once struck it rich in all that time, an' he died poorer 'n he was when we come out here from old Missouri."

"We'd a good farm back there, but Dill he got the gold minin' craze, an' we sold out an' come out here with an ox team an' put our farm into a hole in the ground, ez a body might say, an' we've never got it out ag'in. Talk 'bout hard times and roughin' it. You might say so if you'd went through all I have!"

Mr. Dill had been dead six years, leaving his widow homeless and penniless. Some of the miners in the camp in which old man Dill died offered to raise a fund to send her back to her friends if she cared to go, but she had declined the offer.

"I've lived in the mountings too long to live any place else now," she said; "and, anyhow, I hain't got no friends to go to. I'll stay here and rough it out to the end."

She had been among the first comers to Camp Paradise in the days of that camp's short-lived prosperity. It was supposed then that the camp would become a second Leadville. Two or three promising strikes had been made, and wily speculators got up a carefully-planned "boom" solely in their own interests. In one summer nearly three thousand people came to Camp Paradise. Most of them went away again before the year was out.

Old Mrs. Dill came wearily up the steep and narrow trail one day, walking slowly behind an aged and diminutive burro, which carried her worldly all on its back. She began her Camp Paradise career as a laundress. Some of the miners had known her in other camps, and a number of them got together one day and built her a little cabin, and afterward gave her their rough garments to wash and mend. They paid her well, and her wants were few.

When nearly all the other cabins in the gulch were deserted, and when all the little white tents had been folded up and gone away with their owners, Mrs. Dill stayed on. The men rather liked her for doing so. It showed a certain loyalty to the "old camp" and a faith in it that pleased them, for those who stayed were firm in the conviction that there were great treasures hidden away in the secret depths of the granite again towering above the little town. And they were determined to find these treasures; so about twenty-five of them made common property of their few worldly possessions and moved into a long, low, rambling house of logs, that had once been a hotel, for the winter. They did more, they gave old Mrs. Dill a home with them.

There was at one end of the build-

ing a little room for which the men had no special use, and this they made very comfortable for "old Mother Dill," as many of them called her. In return Mrs. Dill kept their rough garments in order, assisted about the cooking and made herself useful in other ways. There was not another woman within twenty-five miles of Camp Paradise, but Mrs. Dill did not care for that.

"I'm used to it," she said. The winter set in early in Camp Paradise. There was snow on the ground in October, and early in November the mountain slopes and gulches were covered under a foot or more of snow that only the stuns of the coming June would melt.

The men could do little prospecting, and nothing toward developing the claims they had staked out during the summer. They spent most of their time in hunting and visiting the adjoining camps, none of which were more prosperous than Camp Paradise. The men were idle in all of them, and the natural consequence was that they spent much of their time in gambling and drinking and in the carousals common to mining camps.

It was a stormy night in December that all the men in Camp Paradise sat around the great fire of pine knots in the broad fireplace at one end of the cabin.

Old Mrs. Dill had gone to her little room at the end of the cabin, and the men were enjoying the rollicking songs most miners know. Some of them were playing poker, an upturned barrel serving for a table. The wind blew cold and fierce, and fine, hard dashes of snow beat against the little windows on either side the door.

As early as eight o'clock some of the men began to talk about "turning in" for the night. Several of them were shaking up the blankets and skins on their rude bunks when, without knock or other sound, the door opened suddenly and a man came in. The men around the fireplace turned their faces quickly toward the visitor, and one of them said:

"Well, Jack Downey, what brings you clean from down in Camp Fairview up to old Prosperity on such a night as this? Come to the fire an' thaw out, man, an' give an account of yourself."

The man, tall and sawn and grizzled, laughed grimly as he came forward.

"Come to invite you to a little party down to Fairview—Jed Judson's dead!"

"Naw!"

"Jed Judson?"

"Ye don't mean it?"

"What?"

"Jed—Judson—dead?"

The speakers all spoke at once, the poker players dropped their cards, some of the men rose hastily to their feet.

"Whatever ailed Jed?"

"What ailed him?" repeated the man from Camp Fairview; "he was well an' hearty as you and I be three hours ago, when an orgery cuss from Poverty Gulch that Jed caught cheatin' at cards, and told him of it, put a bullet into 'im—that's what ailed Jed."

"An' ye hung the feller that did it?" asked Si Sharpe.

"We ain't yit, but we callate on doin' it 'fore mornin', and that's the party I come up to give you a bid to. Thought ye'd feel slighted if none o' you got a pull at the rope that'll swing the chap that killed Jed—a whiter man 'n Jed never drewed the breath o' life."

"Ye right that," said Si Sharpe, heartily; "an' it'll do me good to git a pull at that rope when you git the feller that shot Jed to the other end of it. Who is he, anyhow?"

"Don't know. They don't none o' the boys know, an' he won't tell whar he come from nor who he is; but we all know whar's he's going to, an' that mighty quick, too. He is a youngish sort of a chap, not more'n thirty, with three fingers off'n one hand an' a scar over his left eye. We reckon his name's Hobbs—Henry Hobbs—anyhow he's got a ring on with that name on it, an' that's the name on some letters we tuk from 'im an' also on a big old-fashioned silver watch he's got. How many of you goin' down to the hangin' with me? It'll come off at midnight."

Nearly every man in the cabin rose to his feet, and while all were pulling on hats and coats the door of old Mrs. Dill's room suddenly opened and Mrs. Dill herself, ghostly and trembling, with her thin gray hair falling to her bony shoulders, walked swiftly across the room, locked the door and stood with her back to it, her bleared eyes dim with tears and her shriveled lips trembling.

"Boys," she said, in her shrill, cracked voice, "Ye ain't goin' down to Camp Fairview to hang that feller—I tell ye ye ain't! Ye shan't!" She drew an old pistol from beneath her apron as she spoke and held it aloft with a trembling, bony arm and wrinkled fingers. "I'll shoot the first feller that tries to go out this door. I'll do it, I'll—"

Her head dropped suddenly to her breast, her arm fell to her side and the pistol to the floor. She put both of her bony hands to her face and sobbed aloud. With her head bent low she said:

"Boys, look here. Some of you hev knowed me fer twenty year an' ye knowed my man that's dead an' gone. There's men in this cabin that I've fed an' keered for when they were homeless an' sick. In all the twenty-nine year that old Mis' Dill has lived in the mountings the latch-string o' her cabin's hung out free to all. Nobody wan't ever turned away, as some of ye mighty well know. I've gin favors wherever I could an' ain't never asked none back. I've had my trials an' tribblylations. God knows I have, an' the wust of 'm all has come to-night; fer, boys, that man yer goin' out ter hang is—my boy—my only baby I ever had, an' it's ten long year sence I seen him! Dill wan't my first husband. His name was Hobbs an' the boy was named after 'im—Henry Hobbs. Some of you may mind o' seein' 'im fifteen an' twenty year ago at our cabin down in Cinnamon Gulch—a purty, black-eyed, curly-haired boy. He got that scar down in that gulch, an'

them three fingers came off in a bear-trap Dill had set and the boy fell into it. He allus was a venturesome boy an' never stopped at nothin'. Some of ye mind the big excitement they was down in Cinnamon Gulch fifteen year ago, when they was a saloon under ev'ry tree an' they wa'n't no seein' thing as law an' order. It wa'n't to be wondered at that a-many a boy went astray then, and my Henry was among 'em. He hadn't never had a chance to be diff'rent. He didn't know how decent folks lived, an' I—I—wa'n't fit to learn 'im, 'cause I didn't know how myself. He took to gamblin' an' to drink, with plenty to coax the boy on, an' when the excitement died away he ran off an' I ain't ever heard of 'im but once sence; an' he's the man they want ye to go an' help hang. Ye won't do it, boys, will ye?"

Her voice had changed to one of earnest entreaty, and her old apron was held to her streaming eyes.

"Boys," she added, "couldn't you git 'em to give the boy another chance? Tell 'em he's my boy. Bring 'im here to me an' let me go away with 'im. Can't ye, boys? Can't ye do it for the sake of old times? Go an' bring my boy to me. Hang me if you must have a life for the one my boy took. I won't say a word ag'in that; only let me see my boy first."

Every man in the cabin filed silently out of the room and disappeared in the darkness, going hurriedly down the trail. It was almost daylight when they came back, silent and stern, a white-faced, slender, trembling man with them, his arms still bound, and the fear and horror of death still in his face.

Old Mrs. Dill met them at the door. They led her son to her little room and left her alone with him.

"Ye'd better be ready to start by daylight," was all Si Sharpe said as he closed the door of the little room and went back to the fireplace where the other men sat, looking silently at the glowing coals.

The next day had hardly dawned when the gray-haired old woman and the tall, handsome young man came from the little room, and, with a brief good-bye to the men of Camp Paradise, went slowly down the trail to meet the outgoing stage.

"They'll be all right," said Si Sharpe. "But there ain't another person on God's earth they'd give that chap up to but old Mis' Dill, an' I've an idee he'll hang yit some day spite of her."

But there lives to-day in one of the coast towns of the Pacific in California a man of wealth and influence, a good citizen and an honored man, who has but lately buried his mother, a white-haired old lady, to whom he was said to be the most dutiful and affectionate of sons. On the plain white stone at her grave is the name—"Margaret Dill."—*New York Mercury.*

White Ants Fill a Theatre.

"On the evening of some theatricals at Secunderabad," writes a lady correspondent from India, to the *London Graphic*, "a swarm of white ants arrived just as we were at dinner. Every house for five miles around was infested with them, and it was almost impossible to sit at a table, or eat anything. These insects have a body about the size of the earwig and four large wings like a dragonfly, which they drop at will. The lights attracted them, and the numbers round each lamp almost obscured it. They buzzed into one's hair, and down one's neck, and dropped their wings into the wine and the food, until at last we were fairly turned out-of-doors. We fled to the theatre, hoping to find matters better, but they were worse, and some of the audience declined to face such a plague and returned home. The actors went through their parts with praiseworthy equanimity, much to the credit of their nerves and patience. A few of the audience who braved the evil, were eventually rewarded for their courage, as the worst was over in about three-quarters of an hour, and only a few stragglers remained. At the end of that time they had shed their wings, and crawled over us in the earwig stage, only a little less disagreeable. The lizards on the walls, and the bats, had a fine feast and gorged until they could hardly move."

The Silent Sentinel at the Senate Door.

There was something like a row in the United States Senate lobby at a recent executive session. There was a sturdy-looking, broad-shouldered man who had been standing near one of the doors for several days. He was extremely patient, and waited there as stolidly and uncompromisingly as a claimant. When the Senate went into executive session the messengers and employees went through the lobby like a cyclone sweeping before them every one not permitted to remain about the Senate during a secret session. The storm raged about the sturdy, silent man, but he would not budge. He defied the cyclone, defied the Senate. There was a great growling, and it looked as though there would have to be an appeal to force. The man demanded that the President of the Senate should decide the matter. The appeal was carried to Mr. Ingalls, and he decided to let the man stay. Then the secret was out. This man was detailed by the President of the Senate to guard the presidential election certificates. Like a Roman sentinel, he remained at his post. The affair, of course, betrayed the location of the hiding-place of the certificates. The man afterward stood there in the lobby, and no one attempted to molest him.

An Alligator in a Tree.

John Wilson, living near Astor, Fla., cut a big cypress tree in the swamp north of town, and found therein a live alligator seven feet long. As the opening in the tree was not half large enough for the 'gator to get through, the presumption is that it crawled in when quite young and lived on other animals and reptiles that sought refuge in the same tree.

BOOMING A NEWSPAPER.

BILL NEE SAYS A WORD FOR HIS FAVORITE JOURNAL.

His Article Reads Like a Puff for the Congressional Record, but He Feels a Growing Interest in It Which Is Above Mercenary Considerations.



WASHINGTON, D. C., possesses no more interesting literary nature perhaps than the extensive offices of the *Congressional Record*. This paper never opened the year with brighter prospects than it does now. Its age now begins to give it a solidity which, as a young squirt of a journalistic venture, it did not heretofore possess. For its coming year it will, therefore, be bright, breezy, racy, fresh, gossip, and still instructive in a high degree. While catering to the tastes of the careful student, it will also bubble over this year with parenthetical "laughter," and "prolonged laughter" will be an every-day occurrence.

There will be articles of interest from time to time by some of our most entertaining Congressional writers. Notable articles on Dakota by Cox, war history by Ingalls,



RIDDLEBERGER, THE PRINTER'S DEVIL.

Sherman and others. Special articles will appear from time to time by its best writers, both in the House and Senate, men who will during the present year give up more of their time to the preparation of such addresses or essays for the *Record* and less to making speeches than heretofore. In past years too much time has been given to delivering these speeches or opinions, and the printing has been considered secondary; but now the editors of the *Record* hope to print the best work of Congress in advance of its delivery, or in many instances giving much better and entirely original matter in the *Record*. Page after page of the magazine will this year be used for this purpose exclusively by the publishers, and thus it is hoped that those who have heretofore gone to the House or the Senate to listen to a speech will become paying subscribers to the *Record* in order to get more and better literary stuff.

It is thought that the time will come at last when Congress will be merely opened with the aid of a powerful prayer, and then the various associate editors of the *Record* will repair to their committee-rooms, thus refreshed and purified, to write their editorials for the great magazine and its eager readers. In the humorous department several changes will be made with great advantage to the paper; it is thought Senator Riddleberger will give less time to historians giving much better and entirely original matter in the *Record*. Page after page of the magazine will this year be used for this purpose exclusively by the publishers, and thus it is hoped that those who have heretofore gone to the House or the Senate to listen to a speech will become paying subscribers to the *Record* in order to get more and better literary stuff.

This may read like a puff for the *Congressional Record*, but I feel a growing interest in the paper which is far above mercenary considerations. The paper is one that I have watched with much solicitude for many years. It has had a hard struggle, and other papers have hopped on it in a critical way that made my heart bleed. Now it is prospering. It has a good staff, and best of all it is backed by Congress with writers like Preston B. Plumb and Amos J. Cummings, old journalists, who can write a speech for themselves or others whose heads may give them pain when they try to use them for thinking purposes. With a hell-box full of statistics and a two-bushel coffee sack full of poetry, to say nothing of pick-ups, or picks-up, rather, in the way of Prolonged session, aplomb in the gallery and cries of "Shut up!" the *Record* is better equipped than ever before, and yet there will be no addition made to



SENATOR HOAR'S GALLERY.

the price. A Representative, who is also the associate editor, tells me that they think of making the *Record* also an illustrated magazine at no distant date. Senator Brown of Georgia will contribute, with valuable articles on table etiquette, and Senator Stanford will prepare a treatise on "How to Acquire a Competency; or, The Mighty Masterpiece of a Self-made Man." An ex-Senator from Florida will prepare an article of 2,000 words on the question "Is Marriage a Failure?" The Hon. Daniel Webster Voorhees of Indiana will write a continued story about the war. He will be followed by an Old Soldier and many others. Senator Edmunds will write

something on the care of the hair. He will be followed by Senator Spooner of Wisconsin. Senator Ingalls will do the paragraphing for the *Record* this year, and Senator Quay will oversee the job printing.

It is a bright, cheery sight, indeed, at a late hour of the night to drop in and see the staff at work on the forthcoming paper. In the midst of it all a member of Congress hurries in with a bicycle item, marked "must," or a panting secretary comes in with something for the chess column. All are alive, all are busy, and, with these hand and rumbling brain, they are getting together the great paper which is soon to meet the eye of the eager reader.

At the desk Mr. Cox is measuring the string for an employee, while at a case near by Senator Hoar is looking over a galley of his forthcoming speech and sprinkling it with applause. The grateful perfume of honest perspiration and hot-roller composition greets the senses, such as they are. Anon there is a timid knock at the door, and Tom Reed, of Maine, comes in with a little poem which he would like to see in type, if it be worthy. He says he will surround it by a speech, if necessary, in order to get it printed. Then a member from Mississippi runs in with a speech which he desires to have substituted for the one he delivered at the morning session of Congress. Next comes the Chaplain, who just remembers that he was a little ungrammatical to God in opening the House, and desires, not for his own sake especially, but on behalf of the cause he represents, to have the correction made, also to add another line to the couplet with which he closed his prayer, otherwise it might not be accepted at the Throne of Grace.

I do not think I am oversanguine when I say that the *Congressional Record* is the coming paper. It embodies all the good features of many more voluminous publications, and yet is ever fresh. At least it is just as fresh as it ever was. It combines all the earnest form of an English joke book with the frothy figures and statistics of a census report, the bright personal information of a city directory with a dog chain on it, the gentle pathos of the tax roll for 1888, the thrill and throb embodied in a thousand-mile coupon book over the Tip Up and Whistle Railroad, and the bloodcurdling plot found in Noah Webster's works.

Houses of the Lake Dwellers.

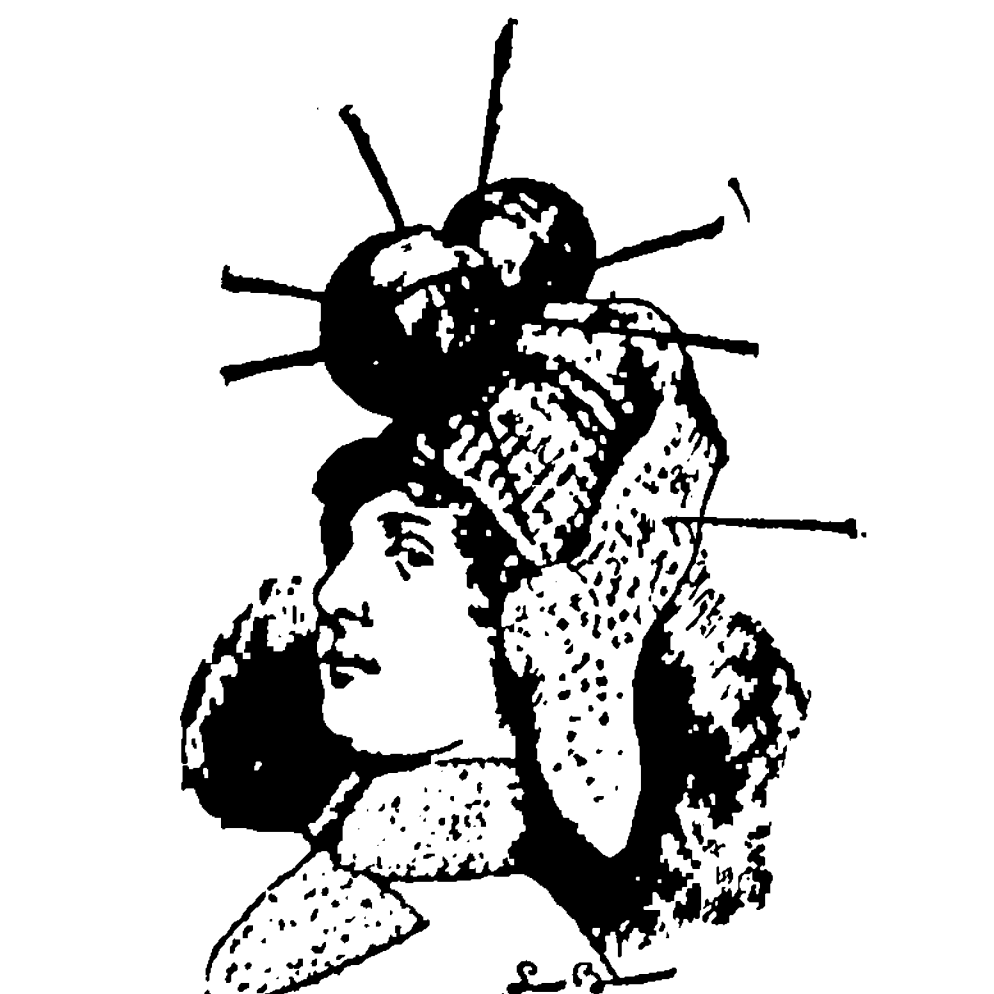
When men began to build houses the first edifices were an imitation of the primitive shelter most common in the locality. For example, in Egypt, where the tropical sun beats down upon and is reflected from a desert sand, the prime need of the population is shade. Houses were not built for shelter so much as for comfort, and as caves were the coolest places that could be provided the entire population of Egypt took that which impelled men in former ages to live on or over the water. Both in Switzerland, Ireland, and several other countries the turbulence of the population and the extreme danger from marauding parties impelled the inhabitants to seek safety by constructing their houses in comparatively inaccessible spots; hence the Swiss chalets and Irish and Welsh castles are on almost inaccessible heights. But both in Switzerland and Ireland there were in former times "lake dwellers," who built their houses upon piles driven



LAKE HOUSES.

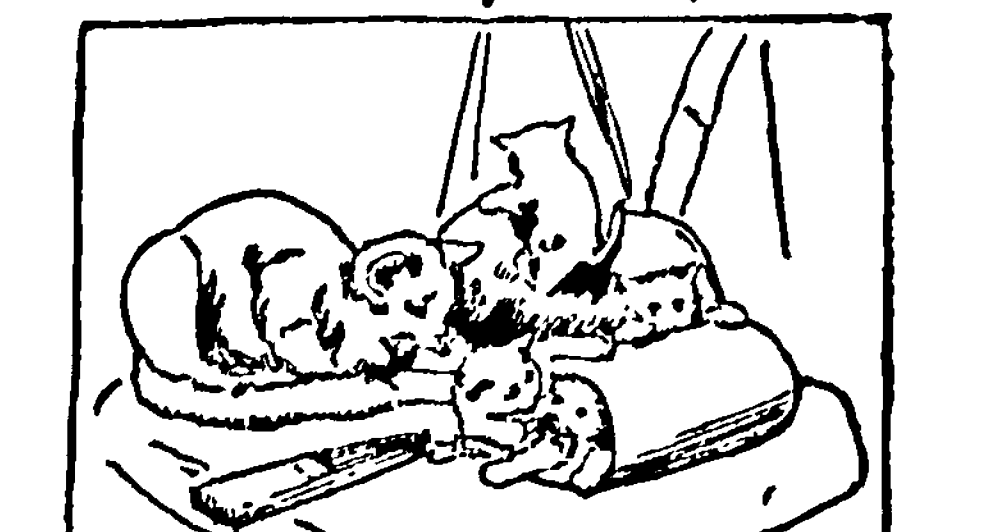
into the bed of the stream or of the lake. This was the bronze age, as attested by numerous implements of that metal which are found in every country where lake dwellings have been discovered. The bronze people must have had considerable knowledge of engineering and various kinds of handicrafts, for they were able to drive large and heavy piles, some of which have been found forty feet long, and great force, together with some improved machinery, must have been necessary to imbed the huge trunks in the bottom of the lake. On these piles their houses were constructed and, reached by boats, and while, of course, they were not safe against organized invasion or a skillful enemy still they were tolerably secure from strolling plunderers. In small parties, and in the savage ages of the world plundering marauders were more to be dreaded than large bodies of organized troops.—*Chicago Times.*

Millinery for the Industrious.



A hat for young girls, designed by Flegens Blactter.

A Family Frolic.



Among weekly publications "America" occupies a place in the front rank. Its articles are from the best sources, and always of interest to every citizen. There is a lack of unbiased discussion of our national question in the press, and such a periodical will be of the greatest benefit to those who stand in need of more light upon the topics of vital moment to the welfare of our country. Its literary department alone is worth the subscription price.

SOME THINGS LOVE ME

All within and all without me
Feel a melancholy thrill;
And the darkness hangs about me,
Oh, how still;
To my feet the river glideth
Through the shadow, sullen, dark;
On the stream the white moon rideth,
Like a barque—
And the linden leans above me,
Till I think some things there be
In this dreary world that love me,
Even me!

Gentle buds are blooming near me,
Shedding sweetest breath around;
Countless voices rise, to cheer me,
From the ground;
And the lone bird comes—I hear it
In the tall and windy pine
Pour the sadness of its spirit
Into mine;
There it swings and sings above me,
Till I think some things there be
In this dreary world that love me,
Even me!

Now the moon bath floated to me,
On the stream I see it sway,
Swinging, boat-like, as 't would woo me
Far away—
And the stars bend from the azure,
I could reach them where I lie,
And they whisper all the pleasure
Of the sky.
There they hang and smile above me,
Till I think some things there be,
In the very heavens that love me,
Even me!

—T. B. Read, in *Anatolian Magazine*.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

There is a vast difference between living simply and simply living.—*St. Joseph News*.

Soldiers see a great deal of private life, but they don't enjoy it.—*Pittsburg Dispatch*.

The only man contented with his lot occupies it in the cemetery.—*Indianapolis Journal*.

When it is an advantage to trade posts, every army officer is ready to become a post trader.—*Texas Siftings*.

Experience has established the fact that lawsuits are more wearing on a man than any other.—*Boston Courier*.

She—"What would you like—being a naval man—for a birthday gift?" He—"A little smack."—*Drake's Magazine*.

If smokeless powder is followed by gunless bullets, wars of the future will be made easy.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

The teacher whacked the boy, one day, Who disobeyed the rule.
The scholars did not laugh or play
To see that lamm in school.

—*Harvard Lampoon*.

Miss Burdy—"Yes, I will be yours on one condition." Jack Junior—"That's all right. I entered Yale with six."—*Yale Record*.

Mike—"Why do them false eyes be made of glass, now?" Pat—"Shure, an' how else could they say throo 'em, ye thick-head?"—*Yale Record*.

After one girl has given you the sack and another the mitten, it is time to give up trying to gain your suit on the installment plan.—*Halifax Critic*.

Hilow—"Look look here, Bloobumper, I wouldn't be a fool if I were you." Bloobumper—"No; if you were me you wouldn't be a fool."—*Epoch*.

"Pa, what is an auction?" "An auction, my son, is a place where a man pays an exorbitant price for something he don't want and can't use."—*Epoch*.

Life drives us till we're out of breath
With striving, begging, giving,
We have to work ourselves to death
That we may get a living.

—*Chicago Post*.

"Suggest a motto for my new business venture, will you, Miss Agnes?" "What is the business?" "A dairy farm." "Then suppose you take 'let well alone'."—*The Jester*.

Querious—"How does your friend expect to derive any benefit from being elected an honorary member of the football team?" Prettiwit—"He's a doctor."—*Chicago News*.

Wibble—"Yes, I believe in the office seeking the man." Wabble—"I notice that it usually has to seek the boy. At least that is the case in my office."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

A book agent—he came inside:
He stuck to the man like glue,
But spite of all hints and nods and winks,
Never left till he got threw.

—*Chicago Globe*.

Giles—"I'm glad I let that fellow have the small loan. He seemed overwhelmed with gratitude and said he could never repay me." Merritt—"That was strange. He told you the truth."—*Chicago News*.

"You are the light of my life," she said to him as she told him good-night at the front door. "Put out that light," growled her father at the head of the stairs, and the front door slammed.—*Washington Star*.

"Let us see, a cynic is a man who is tired of the world, is he not?" the young language student asked. "No, no, my child," replied the knowing tutor. "A cynic is a man of whom the world is tired."—*Yilwaukee Sentinel*.

The optimist sees but the roses of life,
The thorns meet the pessimist's view,
But the sensible man with an eye to the facts
Notes and knows how to handle the two.

—*Philadelphia Press*.

"I see that in the preface of your book you say that it is written to fill a long-felt want. What do you mean by that?" "Why, I've been needing a square meal for the last eighteen months. Don't you call that a long-felt want?"—*Chicago News*.

All who use Debbins's Electric Soap praise it as the best, cheapest and most economical family soap made; but if you will try it once it will tell a still stronger tale of its merits than any. Please try it. Your grocer will supply you.

With a manufacturing plant costing \$500 artificial eggs can be made for 3 cents a dozen.

Beware of Quackery for Catarrh That Causes Mucorrhea.
As mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and so destroy the whole system when entering it through the mucous surface. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is tenfold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure to get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co.

Sold by Druggists, price 75c. per bottle.

A petroleum-motor tricycle that will run 40 miles in one hour has been invented.

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I bought a machine for plating gold, silver and nickel, and it works splendid. When people heard about it they brought more spoons, forks and jewelry than I could plate. In a week I made \$25, and in a month \$75. My daughter made \$18 in five days. You can get a Plater for \$3 from the Lake Electric Co., Englewood, Ill., and will, we trust, be benefited as much as I have been. A. BAKER.

Money invested in choice one hundred dollar building lots in suburbs of Kansas City will pay from five hundred to one thousand percent the next few years under our plan. \$50 cash and \$5 per month without interest controls desirable lot. Particulars on application. J. H. Buerlein & Co., Kansas City, Mo.

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It said that knowledge is power, but it takes a good deal of it to know how to get along without work. A knowledge of the human system and its needs enabled Dr. White to produce the most wonderful cough remedy ever offered to the sick and afflicted. It is called Dr. White's Pulmonary, and is sold by druggists everywhere. Three sizes—25 cents, 50 cents and \$1.

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Beecham's Pills cure Blisters and Nervous Ills.

Prepare For Spring

By Building up Your System
So as to Prevent That Tired Feeling Or Other Illness.

Now Take

Hood's Sarsaparilla

How many people there are who regard the coming of winter as a constant state of siege. It seems as if the elements sat down outside the walls of health and now and again, led by the north wind and his attendant blasts, broke over the ramparts, spreading colds, pneumonia and death. Who knows when the next storm may come and what its effects upon your constitution may be? The fortifications of health must be made strong. SCOTT'S EMULSION of pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda will aid you to hold out against Coughs, Colds, Consumption, Scrofula, General Debility, and all Anæmic and Wasting Diseases, until the siege is raised. It prevents wasting in children. Palatable as Milk.

SPECIAL.—Scott's Emulsion is non-secret, and is prescribed by the Medical Profession all over the world, because its ingredients are scientifically combined in such a manner as to greatly increase their remedial value.

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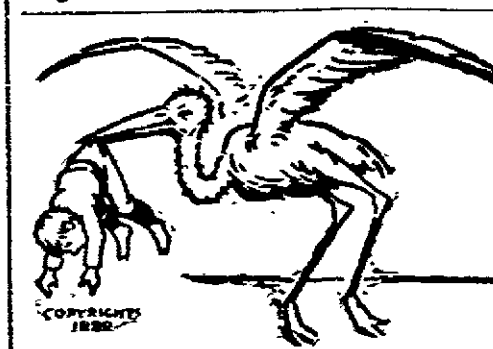
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They're the cheapest pill you can buy, because they're guaranteed to give satisfaction, or your money is returned.

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It is an Ointment, of which a small particle is applied to the nostrils. Price, 50c. Sold by druggists or sent by mail. Address, E. T. HAZELGATE, Warren, Pa.

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How does he feel?—He feels cranky, and is constantly experimenting, dieting himself, adopting strange notions, and changing the cooking, the dishes, the hours, and manner of his eating—August Flower the Remedy.

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FARM AND GARDEN.

Song of the Scythe.

Mowers, weary and brown and blithe,
What is the word that ye know,
Sings to the blades of the grass below?
Scythes that swing in the grass and clover,
Something, still, they say as they pass—
What is the word that, over and over,
Sings the scythe to the flowers and grass?

Hush, ah hush, the scythes are saying,
Hush and heed not and fall asleep;
Hush they say to the grasses swaying,
Hush, they sing to the clover deep!
Hush, 'tis the lullaby time is singing—
Hush and heed not for all things pass.
Hush, ah hush, and the scythes are swinging
Over the clover, over the grass!

—Andrew Lang.

Three-Horse Evenor.

It is contrary to all laws of dynamics that three horses can be attached abreast to a plow so that the off horse may walk in the furrow and two upon the land and yet draw the plow without any side draft. Forces always act in equilibrium, and when three horses pull abreast the line of draft comes in the centre of the middle horse's whiffletree, and no arrangement of clevises or whiffletrees or evenor or offset in the plow beam can alter the primary law of forces. It is quite as easy in practice to drive three horses with one leader as to drive three abreast, and it is quite as easy to turn, and in this way there is no necessity for a horse to walk on the plowed land.—*New York Times.*

Tanning Fur Skins.

To ten small fur skins soften the skin by soaking it in warm water for an hour, then scrape off the fleshy substance and dissolve half an ounce each of borax, saltpetre and glauber salts to a paste and spread with a brush on the flesh side of the skin. Double the skin together, with the flesh side in, and keep in a cool, not freezing, place for twenty-four hours. Then wash clean and take sal soda, 1 ounce; borax, 1 ounce; refined soap, 2 ounces, and melt them slowly together, without boiling, and apply to the flesh side at first, and keep in a warm place for twenty-four hours. After this wash clean and dissolve 2 ounces of saleratus, 4 ounces of alum and 8 ounces of salt in hot rain water sufficient to saturate and soak the skin. When cool enough not to scald put the skin in for twelve hours, then wring out the water and hang up to dry. Repeat the soaking and drying until the skin is as soft as desired. Then finish by pulling and working and rubbing with fine sandpaper and pumice stone.—*New York World.*

Feeding Pigs.

Professor Hunt, of Illinois College farm, sums up as follows the results of his pig feeding experiments:

1. It required 13.80 pounds of skim milk to produce one pound of pork when fed with cornmeal in ratio 1.17 to fattening hogs.
2. Skim milk could not be economically fed to fattening hogs unless it was a waste product which could not be otherwise utilized.
3. It required on an average $\frac{1}{4}$ pounds of shelled corn to produce one pound of pork during an average period of four weeks, or one bushel produced 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ pounds.
4. It required 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ pounds of corn meal to produce one pound of pork, or one bushel of corn made into meal and fed dry produced 24 pounds of pork.
5. When fed dry shelled corn is more economical than corn meal to feed to fattening hogs.
6. It required 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ pounds of $\frac{1}{4}$ bushel of ground oats to produce one pound of pork when fed with equal parts by weight of corn meal.
7. One bushel of corn is worth nearly three bushels of oats as food for fattening hogs.
8. Corn fed pigs gained about 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ pounds per week and ate about twenty-one pounds of corn per 100 pounds of live weight.
9. The grain for the amount of food consumed decreased during fattening.
10. Pork was produced during the cold weather, with corn at twenty eight cents a bushel, for less than three cents per pound.
11. An insufficient food supply for two weeks caused a very considerable loss in feeding thereafter.
12. Indian corn is the most economical pork producer during the winter months in regions where extensively grown.

Curing Meats.

The late Wm. Little several years ago gave the following methods for curing meat and building a cheap smokehouse. As "hog killing" season is at hand we reproduce them for the benefit of our new subscribers. We would be pleased to have others give their methods of curing meat and plans for building smokehouses:

To each hog packed add to the salt one-fourth pound ground black pepper, two ounces red cayenne pepper and one-half ounce saltpetre. Spread the salt on a tight floor or table, sprinkle the black and red pepper and saltpetre over it and mix thoroughly. Salt the pork on the floor in the smokehouse, so that the brine will run away from it. Sprinkle enough salt on the floor to hide it well, and salt the hams and shoulders to themselves and the sides to themselves. Let the meat lie in salt four or five weeks, hang up and build a little fire—a blaze is best—under the bacon to dry it off.

The pepper gives the bacon a fine flavor, and repels the fly. It is a good plan to slip the joints—hams and shoulders—in sacks, paper or cotton, early in the spring. This method for making fine bacon is good for all parts of the country, north and south, and simple as it is, it is worth thousands of dollars to the people of Texas alone, if they will only adopt it.

Now for the smokehouse. For the average farmer a house 12 by 14 feet and 10 feet high, is large enough. Build a common box house, lay a floor 18 to 24

inches above ground, with a square-edged plank; strip the cracks inside and out, so as to exclude light; put stiff cross timbers 3 or 4 feet apart on plates above, and drive tenpenny fence nails on each side to hang meat on, and the thing is done. All rough lumber.—*Texas Farm and Ranch.*

Stock in Open Winters.

It appears to be a matter of gratulation among farmers that the winter is so mild that stock will shift for themselves, at least partially, and thus affect a great saving of fodder. The mild winter, we confess, is a cause for general congratulation, not only among farmers but among all classes, as it undoubtedly affects a great saving of fuel and of food for man and beast and is less trying to the physical system. Man and animals are more nearly in harmony with their environments with the thermometer ranging from 20 degrees to 40 degrees above than when there are sudden fluctuations from 40 degrees above to 20 degrees below zero. It is pretty difficult adjusting food, clothing and artificial heat so as to prevent a shock or injury to the physical and nervous systems during such violent fluctuations.

But there is great danger of stock suffering from neglect in a mild, open winter. From the fact that they can partially help themselves in such a winter may lead a good many to give less attention to feeding, sheltering and caring for them than is demanded to promote their welfare. They have not so hearty an appetite for coarse feed as they have when the air is sharp and the microbes are stiffened by the cold. Hence, they need a little more pampering, a little more preparation of appetizing food.

Our observation has taught us that stock seldom do well in a mild open winter as in a pretty steadily cold one. Too many farmers practice the doubtful economy of getting through the winter with as little feed as possible instead of the true one of feeding stock all the food they can possibly eat, digest, assimilate and convert into energy, meat, milk, wool, eggs, etc., without detriment to their health. If stock food is more valuable in its crude state than when manufactured into animals and their products, why not sell it in that form and dispose of your stock for what they will bring, but if the value of the feed is enhanced by converting it into animals and animal products, then the more you can thus convert the better. It is one of the most foolish, unreasonable practices ever resorted to by farmers to allow their stock to become spring poor. It is almost impossible to make any money out of stock by such methods. Better borrow money if necessary and buy feed to keep your animals thriving all winter than to allow them to shrink in flesh, run down in winter, under the mistaken notion that they will recover lost grounds when they are turned out to fresh pasture.—*American Rural Home.*

Farm and Garden Notes.

Decide about growing more fruit. Resolve upon genuine rural reform. Mature plans for the spring campaign. Six tons of ensilage will keep a cow six months. A very large orchard requires a large capital to run it. The yellow races of bees are shorter lived than the dark races. The period of cheapest growth in an animal is before the animal matures. A frequent change of diet is necessary to the health and best growth of the pig. A hive cursed with a fertile worker will not raise a queen; break up the colony. Ventilation should exist in well-regulated stables, but draughts should be unknown. A cow fed partly on ensilage will be healthier and make more butter than when fed on dry feed. Inferior honey should not be put upon the market, but fed to the bees in small quantities in spring and fall. The Carniolan race of bees possess some traits superior to Italian bees, but are not on the whole superior. After washing a horse's feet and legs they should be thoroughly dried, otherwise cracked heels, etc., are invited. After any colony swarms examine the hive and cut out every queen cell but one, which will prevent after swarming. Much loss from what is commonly known as cholera may be avoided by care and a mixed diet, or a change of diet. A wrench and one or two tools for making repairs are easily carried in the farm wagon and come very handy at times. Small potatoes boiled and mixed into the warm mash given in morning will help poultry along through the next two months. The Colorado beetle can be destroyed and much after trouble prevented by scratching over the newly planted ground slices of potatoes sprinkled with Paris green. A good plan in a small way.

It is better to expend a sufficiency of money to make the dwelling frost proof than put by so much of your time in preparing fuel. The average Northern home is not constructed more than one-half as warm as it should be. Do not feed the newly hatched chicks for thirty-six hours after they come from the shell. If not fed forty-eight hours it will do no harm. Nature provides them with food before they hatch out. The sheep shed should be open on the south side to admit the sunlight and to allow of the escape of the effluvia from the manure under them, but it should be protected by a board fence high enough to shelter them from the wind when lying down.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

How to Clean Silk.

For every quart of water required to cleanse the silk pare and grate one large potato in the water, which must be cold, and let stand for two days without disturbing it. Rain water is preferred when it can be obtained. Pour off the clear liquor into a large vessel and dip the silk up and down in it until it is thoroughly saturated. Do not wring it, but let it hang where it can drip. When nearly dry lay it flat on the table and rub it with a linen cloth, first on one side then on the other. If necessary to press it place it between flannel and use a moderate iron.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Rendering Lard.

A prominent Chicago packer gives the following directions for rendering lard so it will be nice and white: "Grind the fat or chop it as you would sausage meat, where you have but a small quantity, using the chopping bowl and potato masher. The object is to get the fat into such a condition that the tissue and fibrine will separate quickly from the clear fat. Now, by the mild heat and constant stirring, melt to the consistency of thin gruel, then scatter salt enough over the surface to carry down all the scraps. Salt does not melt in pure lard, and therefore will not give it a saline taste. Then allow it to settle, and dip the clear fat out into a vessel, using a strainer, or into another kettle, so as to remove all scraps from the bottom. After removal of scraps, cook for fifteen minutes, so as to roast any scraps still remaining in the fat and your lard is ready to put away and will keep as long as wanted. To keep lard it is necessary to raise the heat at 180 degrees. It melts at 110 to 120 degrees. Let our farmers and their wives try the above method and they will never go back to the old way of cooking lard again. In answer to an inquiry as to how to prevent lard from boiling over while cooking, put in a little salt. This is the best known remedy.—*New York Herald.*

Doing Up Lace Curtains.

The cleansing of fine curtains in the winter time is a very nice operation, and one that few housekeepers have the courage to attempt at home. The following directions I carried out with fluttering success:

Place the curtains in a tub of cold water and allow them to remain for almost an hour. Remove carefully, wringing slightly, and again place them in fresh cold water, where leave for three or four hours. Again wring them carefully, and stretching them across a clean table, rub thoroughly with some pure washing soap; roll up tightly and lay in moderately warm water for a full hour. Then transfer them into very hot water, leaving them there not longer than ten minutes. Once more change into cold water for a few minutes. The next move is into a moderately strong blue water, where let them remain about five minutes. Boil one-half pound of starch quite thick, fine flour quality; this will be sufficient for three good-sized curtains. Dip the curtains into the starch and wring them very slightly. Then stretch them immediately over clean sheets. Lay the sheets over a thickly carpeted floor of a large room and pin down the edges of the lace, drawing it firmly, with extreme care. The pins should be placed close together, so as to draw out the pattern. This may seem a tedious process; but if the directions are faithfully carried out one will be amply rewarded for the pains. The curtains should be left stretched across the sheets until thoroughly dry, and when the pins are removed and they are lifted up, they will be found to be snowy white and stiff.—*Washington Star.*

Recipes.

SUGAR SNAPS.—One cup of butter, two cups of sugar, four cups of flour, one egg, a teaspoonful and a half of baking powder mixed with the flour. Roll very thin.

STEWED POTATOES.—Cut in slices twelve cold boiled potatoes; add a pint of milk, a tablespoonful of butter, pepper and salt, and a tablespoonful of minced parsley; stew ten minutes.

FRIED APPLES.—Make a batter of two eggs, a pinch of salt, a cup of milk and six tablespoonfuls of flour. Slice, pare and core tart apples as Saratoga potatoes. Dip them in the batter and fry. Eat with powdered sugar.

CORN SOUFFLE.—Two cups of canned corn, one pint of milk, two eggs, salt to taste. Beat the eggs until very light; add the other ingredients; put the mixture in a buttered pudding dish, and bake about forty minutes.

MUTTON BROTH.—This is often ordered for invalids. It should be made as plainly as possible, and so as to secure the juice of the meat. Boil slowly about two pounds of lean mutton for two hours; skin it very carefully, as it simmers, and do not put in much salt. Some vegetable may be added as a seasoning, and for some broths a little barley or rice.

HOMINY CROQUETTES.—Two cups of cold boiled hominy, one egg beaten light, pinch of salt, teaspoonful of sugar, a little milk. Beat the egg into the hominy, mash it free from lumps. Add milk cautiously until the hominy is as soft as it can be handled. Stir in the salt and sugar, and form the mixture into croquettes with floured hands. Set aside for an hour in a cool place to become firm. Fry in deep fat to a good brown.

FLOUR SOUP.—One tablespoon beef fat, one heaping tablespoon flour, two sliced onions, two pints water, one pint milk, one mashed potato, salt and pepper. Fry the onions in the fat till light brown; remove, pressing out the fat. In the same fat now cook the flour, and add, a little at a time, the water. Put back the onions and let it stand a while, then add milk and potato. Salt well. The potato may be omitted and a little more flour added.

WIRE TROUBLE HUNTERS.

FINDING AND FIXING BREAKS IN TELEGRAPH LINES.

Three Classes of Difficulties—The Lineman's Dangerous Occupation—What a Pole Climber Saw.

To a person not thoroughly versed in matters pertaining to telegraphing the line room on the seventh floor of the Western Union Building on Broadway would prove particularly interesting. It is situated immediately beneath the switchboard, and has over five thousand wires entering the different windows. This is the linemen's headquarters, and the starting point of the "trouble hunters." "I am often asked what a 'trouble hunter' is, and I will tell you," said one of the oldest hands to a *Star* reporter. "We are notified by one of the operators at the switchboard that circuit thirty-six, say, is dead, and the 'trouble-hunter' starts from this point and follows the wire carefully to the spot where the break is. There his responsibility ceases and the repair gang take hold and remedy what defect they find. There are three classes of difficulties we encounter. They are designated as 'open,' 'ground' and 'escape.' An 'open' is a complete break in the wire, which is easily enough repaired when found.

"When a wire 'grounds' it's a different thing. The earth, of course, is a repository for all electrical fluids, and if an exposed wire touches at any place it naturally interferes with the circuit. A green pole, when wet, is also an excellent conductor, and frequently causes us no end of trouble. A telegraph pole should be thoroughly seasoned before being put into use, but frequently a green one is put up, and then after a heavy shower the wrapper around the wire may become warm, and, the line coming in contact with the green wood, the electrical current instead of being carried along on the circuit, runs into the earth; and until the defect is remedied the line is practically useless. A green pole from a window, touching an exposed wire, would not interfere with the working unless the pole in some way ran into the earth.

"An 'escape' is on the same principle as a 'ground.' It generally occurs where the insulation on a wire becomes worn and part of the electrical fluid escapes and part runs on the circuit."

"What are the principal qualifications to become a lineman?"

"A cool head. Anyone could perform the mechanical part of the work after a little experience, but to do it at an elevation of a couple of hundred feet on a slim pole, when a fall means certain death, is another thing. When a strong wind is blowing it makes the task particularly hard and dangerous. The spurs we wear, attached to our boots, sometimes give way; and then again the wood is often rotten, and one misstep means a fall. There's a knack in climbing up a pole properly, but it's not half as bad as coming down. The sensation, I can tell you, is very peculiar to a new hand."

According to the statement of half a dozen linemen spoken to, some very strange sights have been witnessed by them while perched on a crossbar of a pole. One of them in relating his experience said he was working for a telephone company in Brooklyn and had been sent to repair a wire on Clark street. It was necessary for him to climb nearly every pole in the street, and while ascending one near the corner of Hicks street he was enabled to look diagonally into the windows of a house. The sight he saw riveted his attention for a few moments. There was an elderly gentleman on the bed surrounded by members of his family, and was evidently dying. The man gazed at the picture a moment in surprise, and then proceeded with his work and descended to the ground. The house faced on Hicks street, and before the door a small crowd had gathered, and were discussing some news.

"Whose house is that?" he asked an old gentleman who had come down the steps. The gentleman looked at him in surprise a moment.

"That is Henry Ward Beecher's house," he replied, "and he has just died."

A War Song.

A Ninth Ward schoolboy administered a thrashing to a playmate, and as a punishment for his pugnacity his teacher required him to "write it up" and read the composition before the school. The youth has in him the making of a great poet, as his effusion shows. Two hours of solitary confinement evolved the following:

When I was awalking around one day I met Robert Jones:
Before I said a word to him he begun aifring stones.

Do you suppose I'd stand adoining nothing on the ground,
While he was slingng rocks and stones and everything around?

So I just goes up to him and batted him in the eye,
And then the little coward hollered and he begun to cry.

He told the teacher what I'd done and she made me write it up:
And that's the reason I think Bobby is a sneakin' little pup.

—*Binghamton Republican.*

A Horse's Great Record as a Sire.

The influence of one good sire is scarcely estimable, but in the *Live-Stock Journal Almanac* for 1889 Mr. W. Burdett-Couts, M. P., calculates that the celebrated hackney stallion Trifitt's Fireaway represents in his stock a money value of £250,000. He is now rising thirty years old and has been at the stud for over twenty-five years. He has averaged over 100 foals a year, the last prices of which are given at £100 each. So great is his influence that his stock can be recognized at sight, and an instance is given of foals got by him out of a cart-mare which as five-year-olds were sold by London dealers at 800 to 1000 guineas the pair.

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

A revival of the gold ball earring is predicted.

The most stylish Parisian cloaks are lined with ermine.

Jeweled hairpins and combs are worn with dressy toilets.

Three materials are frequently combined in one costume.

A new role for women in Loudon is that of serving writs.

Two ladies have been elected bank directors at Atlanta, Ga.

Some of the newest jorseys have revers and cuffs of watered silk.

Mary Semous, of Kentucky, aged ten, is a very successful evangelist.

Maria Pia, Queen of Portugal, is the best-dressed woman in Europe.

Eleven women are studying in the University of Lund, in Sweden.

French toilets are frequently effectively made up with Greek draperies.

Fashion-makers prophesy that silk will be largely used for summer cloaks.

A woman has been appointed inspector of Ireland's lace manufacturers.

The latest whim in earrings is to suspend a skeleton gold initial from the ear.

The University Association of Women Teachers in England has now 232 members.

Queen Victoria's household expenses come to the enormous sum of \$425,000 a year.

Blanche Willis Howard, the novelist, has patented a music rack and a bath shoe.

Stockings and slippers now must often match the gown in color for evening wear.

The first patent ever issued to a woman was for straw weaving with silk or thread.

The number of women elected as Poor Law Guardians in England is steadily increasing.

Bunches of curls at the back of the neck are the newest mode of hairdressing in Paris.

Satin and undressed kid slippers are preferred to all others for dinner and evening toilets.

The sleeves of jackets and dresses are considerably larger this season than for some time past.

Little girls now wear long circular cloaks, smoked to a considerable depth around the throat.

Mrs. William Astor spends \$10,000 a year for dress, and nearly ten times that much for charities.

The name of the scented grass used in London for making what is called Burmese fans is Kuss-nuss.

In his latest message Governor Ames, of Massachusetts, unreservedly recommends woman suffrage.

Cloth boots and shoes are again in fashion, but they are not as elegant as those of kid or plain satin.

The favorite material for evening cloaks of London ladies is broadened velvet in very elaborate scroll patterns.

Mme. Lavronsky, a celebrated Russian chess-player, is said to have amassed a fortune by her proficiency in the game.

Beas are no longer fashionable in Paris. The fur-collar made of sable or some other choice fur has taken its place.

Sleeves are worn in almost infinite variety of patterns, though they all give a somewhat high-shouldered effect to the wearer.

Plaid Connemara cloaks are worn by young ladies and misses instead of ulsters, and are very gay and pleasing in effect.

Leading English gunmakers report that they have this season had a remarkable large number of orders for fine guns from ladies.

Mrs. Edward C. Smith, of West Springfield, Mass., has the proud reputation of being the champion breadmaker of that state.

Twenty-five hundred American women are on the records of the patent office. Their inventions range from a baby jumper to a car coupler.

It is told as a fact that a California woman had two toes amputated in order that she might change her shoes from a number four to a number two.

Queen Victoria's new housekeeper at Windsor Castle is Mrs. Henderson. She is a niece of the former incumbent, from whom she inherited \$150,000.

Of the many titled American women who live in Europe barely half a dozen are socially conspicuous or are ever heard of through the "society papers."

The 5 o'clock tea which has been so popular finds a rival in the "afternoon," a mild form of entertainment in which many ladies are at present indulging.

The Prussian court will have no dancing this winter, and the Emperor has decreed that at the two State concerts ladies may appear without trains.

Cashmere house dresses have princess backs and jacket fronts, coming only to the waist, over a loose full vest that is drawn in by a ribbon and falls quite to the hem of the skirt.

Sarah Winnemucca, the Indian princess who attended Wellesley College, and has written stories under the nom de plume of "Bright Eyes," is now teaching an Indian school.

Brown furs are long favorites for shoulder capes, muffs, cuffs, and so on. Sable, of course, is preferred.

A cape, muff and cuffs cost just \$1000, and other less costly skins are cheaper.

The deep Spanish flounce with standing ruffle at the head and curving deeper at the sides is much used in the half-season gowns of black silk, cashmere or alpaca, now in the hands of the dress-makers.

FALCONRY.

A REVIVAL OF ONE OF THE NEW DIVERSIONS.

Picturesque Description of the Sport—How to Train a Hawk for Field Purposes—American Birds of Prey.

A rainbow had been shattered by the hammer of Thor, and the fragments were scattered over the western sky; a blood-red highway ran in a straight line over the sea to the sun, which rested like a ball of molten metal on the horizon. There was a sudden rushing sound, and bolt from heaven struck in the midst of the sun path, scattering a shower of jewels that reflected back the sunset hues of the sky. An instant later an American osprey rose from the waves with its glistening prey in its talons. It was a noble sight—a grand plunge, an unerring aim, a skilful and quick recovery; and as I watched the bird rise higher and higher over my boat, and thought what grand and artistic and intensely interesting sport it would be to discard our hooks and lines, our creeping and crawling and disgusting bait, and to substitute a ring or perch of ospreys, hooded and belled like the falcons of old. It was an enchanting fancy, and nothing but the grim necessity of being compelled to make a living has deterred me from carrying out the idea.



MISUNDERSTANDING WITH A "HAGGARD."

The ancient sport of falconry is about to be revived by a number of wealthy men in New Jersey, where, in the open country, there are excellent opportunities for fun with hawk and dogs.

Falconry was introduced into England about the fourth century, and flourished during the Middle Ages and the Renaissance. From the peasant with his sparrow-hawk to the crowned king with his gerfalcon, all were passionately fond of hawking. What were then considered vast fortunes were expended upon the cultivation of this sport. The grand master of the order of St. John of Jerusalem sent twelve falcons annually to the kings of France. A French knight of the order conveyed the birds to his monarch, for which service he received as a present his traveling expenses and money equivalent to \$15,000 a year. Louis XIII was daft on falconry, and always went hawking before going to church. Albert de Luynes made a fortune by his scientific training and treatment of the birds. Baron de la Chastaignerale, chief falconer for Louis XIII, cared for 140 birds, and employed 100 men to assist him in their care.

England and Germany were enthusiastic on the subject of hawking. No lady or gentleman, noble or ecclesiastic, with any self-respect, would appear in public without a pet bird mounted upon the gauntleted wrist. The officiating clergy even took their birds to church with them, only leaving them perched upon the altar steps while engaged in the actual church service.

Formerly falcons were divided into two classes, noble and inferior. The gerfalcons were the nobility in the bird aristocracy, and the others, the falcon, the hobby, the merlin, etc., had to content themselves with riding on the gloved hands of esquires and people of small importance.

The United States is well supplied with birds of prey, none of which probably are not susceptible of being trained for the chase. That they can be trained

I know, having as a lad reared many, and taught them to come at my call and to be gentle in their behavior, not pinching my wrist when perching upon it. This is half the battle, and any one with time and patience can do the rest.

In selecting a bird try to secure a brancher, that is, a bird that has been long enough out of the nest to hop from limb, but is as yet incapable of flight and consequently unable to provide for its own wants. Paupers are always servile, and as this young bird must live upon your charity he will be more easily tamed than a haggard, that is, a full grown bird that is perfectly competent to hunt for himself and supply his own wants, and is consequently independent, and, under restraint, fierce and savage. Young birds that have just left their wild cradle on rock or treetop are called eyas, and are the most easily tamed and trained; but they are apt to lack the strength and audacity of the brancher or the haggard.

The brancher may be caught by the lure of a pigeon or a quail, and the haggard by means of a decoy and a net. There is a deadly enmity between the hawks and their nocturnal rivals, the owls, and hence an owl is frequently used as a decoy to induce the haggards to swoop down for the opportunity of a blow at their hated enemy. A tame hawk or falcon also makes an excellent decoy for his wild brothers.

In the early spring hawks' nests can be found within twenty minutes' journey, by rail or ferry from New York City, and young ones procured, which will prove interesting pets to those who care to bestow time upon them. Should a demand for young or trained birds arise, there are plenty of dealers in birds and animals who would hasten to supply the market with both the domestic and imported article, but if any of the readers of this paper think of seriously trying their hand at hawking, they will enjoy the sport the more and understand the birds the better if they rear and train them by their own hand.

Hawks and falcons, being of wild and violent natures, are at first insensible to both punishment and caresses; hence with an intractable bird want of light and food is the only punishment that will affect it, and it is of the utmost importance that the same person should always administer its food and care for the bird's welfare. Having secured a brancher, shackle its legs with the supple thongs of straps called bewits; the bewits usually terminate with bells. With an old army buckskin gauntlet protect your hand and wrist, place the bird upon your gauntleted wrist, and carry it about with you night and day, giving it no opportunity for rest. If your falcon or hawk tries to bite and fight you, douse his head into a pail of cold water, and it will quiet him, and then put on the leather hood, which will keep him in complete darkness. Three days and nights of this will make the wildest bird inclined to be docile to a certain extent. Next teach the bird to take its food quietly, allowing no fluttering, fighting or undue excitement during its meal. Feed it with your hand and never do so without whistling or giving the peculiar call, whatever it may be, by which you intend to summon the bird in the future, when you wish it to resume its perch upon your wrist. It will by this means learn to recognize the call and associating the noise with food, and food with its perch upon your gauntlet, will always fly to your wrist when you call. Familiarize your charge with horses, dogs and strangers.

When the ruling classes wish to strengthen their power over their poorer brethren, they seek to make the poor dependent upon the bounty of the rich for their support, and by thus destroying the independence of the so-called lower classes, the ones in power retain their position. Now exactly the same policy must be pursued with a wayward or foolish bird that prefers freedom and self-support to wearing a plumed hood on its

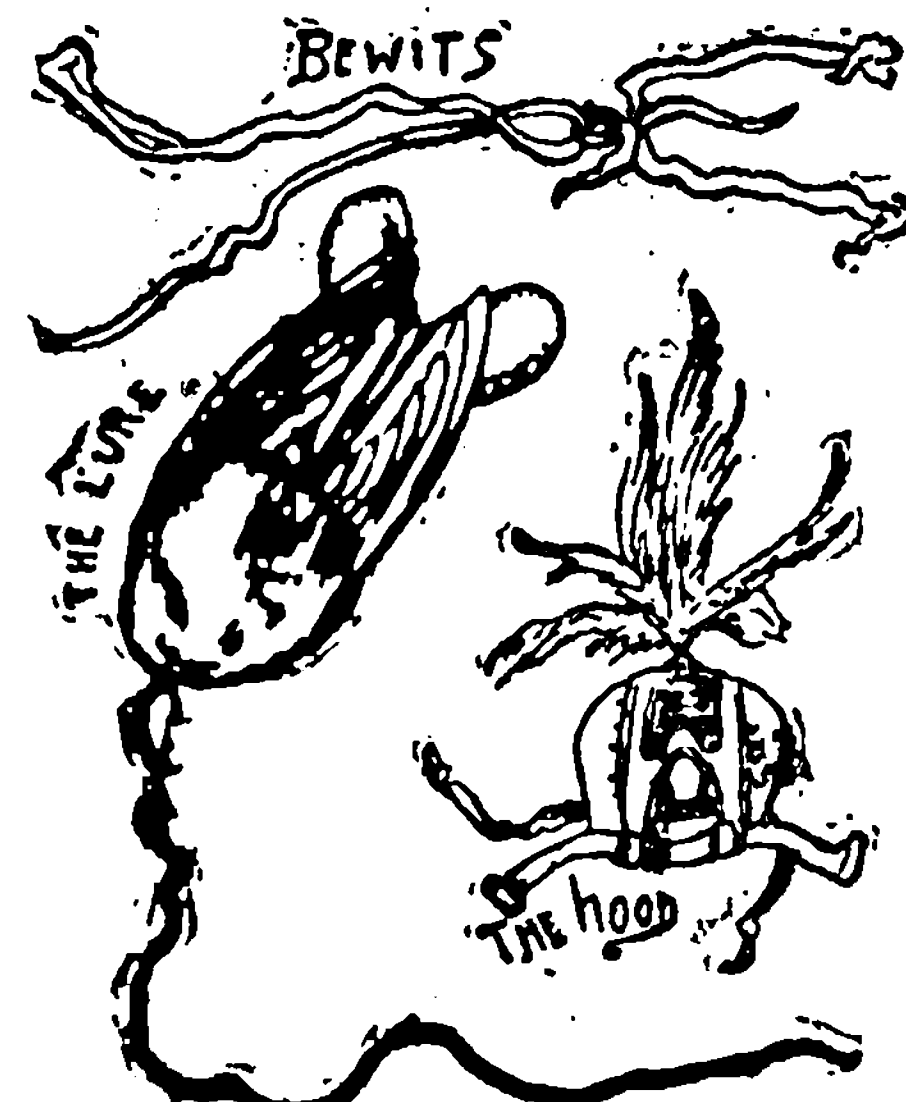


A DOUBLE STRIKE.

head and bewits on its legs. With such a bird, excite its appetite by forcing it to swallow pellets of tow mixed with a little wormwood and garlic. This will increase its hunger and thereby make it more dependent upon its master, and consequently more docile, and the pleasure it derives from the gratification of this artificial appetite will attach it more closely to its master who feeds it.

In a week or less the bird is tamed, and then you can commence with the training. Take the falcon out in your yard, or, if you live in the city and have no back yard, seek a retired spot in the park. Put a piece of meat on your hand and, calling the bird, teach it to hop on your hand. By no means allow it to partake of the meat until it has answered your call. Next fasten the meat to a lure made of a flat piece of

wood and covered on both sides with the wings of the bird you intend to hunt or the skin of the animal you expect your hawk to pounce upon. Unhood your bird and show it the lure. If the bird strikes the lure, allow it to take the meat when it has answered your call and returned to your wrist. The string attached to the lure may be from ten to more than thirty yards in length, and when the bird swoops down upon the lure at the full length of the string and will then obey the call, you are on the road to success and know that the bird recognizes the lure, and knows that by answering your call it will be entitled to the meat for its reward. This point gained, you need no longer fear allowing your bird freedom, because at a moment's notice you can reclaim him with the call or signal; even if he be soaring high overhead, at the sound of the call he will descend to his accustomed perch upon the hawkskin mantlet.



THE IMPLEMENTS OF FALCONRY.

You may now show your bird living game by letting the real animals or birds, represented by the lure, fly or run hand-capped by strings fastened to their legs. If your falcon takes these properly, binds the game well, and is obedient to the call, you are safe to take him to the field and try him on wild game, and if you are fond of field sports you will be more than repaid for your perseverance and trouble in breaking your brancher.

Although the word falcon is often used indiscriminately for any or all birds used to hunt, yet in the language of falconry there are many distinctions, according to Yarrel; for instance, the female peregrine was exclusively called the falcon, and on account of her great size, power and courage, was usually flown at herons and ducks; the male, often only two-thirds the size of his mate, was called torcel, tiercel and tiercelet, and was flown at partridges and magpies.

Soon after the Norman conquest the birds were regulated by law with nice distinctions; one style was for kings, as we have before stated, another for princes of the blood, still others for dukes and great lords—fifteen grades in all, which reached down to the knave.

Naturalists are as bad as the Normans or worse, and divide and sub-divide and quarrel over the sub-divisions. In 1874 two well-known authorities published a list, one making six species of goshawks (Astur), and the other thirty-one; the latter made only twenty-three sparrow-hawks and the former forty-five. According to the latest authority at hand, the hawks differ from true falcons in not having a toothed or notched bill.

The goshawk of the United States is one of our handsomest birds of prey; the crown of his head is deep black and the upper parts bluish-slate, darker at the tail. There are no cross-bars on the throat, but each individual feather has an artistically arranged dot or dash of color. It has dark tinged wings, a tail of the same hue, with obscure bands across it. A broad white stripe with fine black pencilling running from above and behind the eye adds expression and fierceness to the face. Audubon loved to watch this bird and describe its bold, daring adventures as on strong wing it sailed over the American wilds that have since become populous towns and farming districts. It would take a volume to describe each species and be unnecessary, as the only object of this article is to attract the attention of the sportsman to the grand possibilities for sport that would be opened by a revival of hawking.

The fair sex would also have an opportunity, for "in days of old, when knights were bold," the knight always paid his court to his fair one by his marked attention to the falcons. Using the greatest judgment in flying the bird at the proper moment, never losing sight of it, encouraging it by calls, following it and securing the prey from the death-dealing talons, and with a caress as a reward for the lucky or skilful work, the knight would slip the hood over the bird's head, and with all the grace he could assume place the falcon on the slender wrist of his and the bird's mistress. —New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A prominent actor was playing Macbeth in Australia, and when he came to the murder scene he asked in vain for the blood with which he had intended to imbrue his hands. After abusing the property man roundly for his neglect, the actor struck with a happy thought, suddenly hit the functionary on the nose, so that a good supply of crimson fluid was obtained.

Westville, Ind., has a cow which quenches her thirst at the village pump tossing the handle of the pump with her horns until sufficient water flows for her needs.

CATARH CURED.

Only Three Things Necessary to Cure any Case of Chronic Catarrh—Time, Patience and the Proper Remedy—Everybody has the Time—All Can Get the Remedy—Patience Alone is Wasting—Syrup of Figs is the Best—See the Testimonial of a Letter on Catarrh by Dr. J. B. Hartman, of Columbus, Ohio.

WHAT DOCTORS SAY OF CATARRH.

Whether chronic catarrh can be permanently cured or not is a question about which there is a great difference of opinion among the professional row, and also among the non-professional masses. The majority of physicians dislike to undertake the cure of this disease because they know that only three on the part of the patient, as well as skillful treatment on the part of the physician, will be rewarded with success. Hence it is that a great proportion of the medical fraternity hesitate or refuse to treat chronic catarrh on the plea that it is incurable.

WHY SOME PATIENTS FIND NO CURE.

Hence it is also that so many patients fail in finding a cure because of their unwillingness to continue treatment long enough. Many people who have had chronic catarrh for five, ten, and even fifteen years, will follow treatment for a few weeks, and then, because they are not cured, gives up in despair and try something else. These patients never follow any one treatment long enough to test its merits, and consequently never find a cure. It is a well known law of disease that the longer it has run the more tenaciously it becomes fastened to its victim.

CHRONIC DISEASES RECOVER SLOWLY.

Some doctors go so far as to say that it will take as long to cure a disease as the disease has run; but while I do not believe that this is, necessarily, true, yet it is beyond dispute that the longer the catarrh has run the more difficult of cure it becomes. It seems to be very hard to get patients to understand this fact and submit to the inevitable.

PALLIATIVES DO NOT CURE.

The difficulty with which catarrh is cured has led to the invention of a host of remedies which produce temporary relief only. The unthinking masses expect to find some remedy which will cure them in a few days, and to take advantage of this false hope many compounds which have instant but transient effect have been devised. The people try these catarrh cures one after another, but disappointment is the inevitable result, until very many sincerely believe that no cure is possible.

LOCAL APPLICATION CAN NOT CURE.

The various kinds and modes of local applications, such as sprays, atomizers, douches, inhalants, fumigations, creams, ointments, lotions, gargles, etc., etc., have in many cases a soothing effect on the inflamed surfaces, and are sometimes useful to assist a cure; but neither of them nor all of them together ever did or ever will cure a case of catarrh. These things may give temporary relief, but it is useless to expect a cure of them. Catarrh is not a local disease, hence can not be cured by local treatment.

CATARRH IS A SYSTEMATIC DISEASE.

and therefore requires persistent internal treatment, often for many months, before a permanent cure is effected. The mucous lining of the cavities of the head, throat, lungs, etc., are made up of a network of minute blood vessels called capillaries. The capillaries are very small elastic tubes, which, in all cases of chronic catarrh, are congested or bulged out with blood so long that the elasticity of the tubes are entirely destroyed. The nerves which supply these capillaries with vitality are called the "vasa-motor" nerves. Any medicine to reach the real difficulty and exert the slightest curative action in any case of catarrh must operate directly on the vasa-motor system of nerves. As soon as these nerves become strengthened and stimulated by the action of a proper remedy they restore to the capillary vessels of the various mucous membranes of the body their normal elasticity. Then, and only then, will the catarrh be permanently cured. Thus it will be seen that catarrh is not a blood disease, as many suppose, but rather a disease of the mucous blood vessels. This explains why it is that so many excellent blood medicines utterly fail to cure catarrh.

THE ONLY HOPE OF SUCCESS.

In the permanent cure of a case of chronic catarrh is to devise some remedy that will stimulate the nerves which supply the capillary blood vessels. I know of but one remedy that has this most desirable effect, and that remedy is Pe-ru-na. This remedy strikes at once at the root of the catarrh by restoring to the capillary vessels their healthy elasticity. Pe-ru-na is not a temporary palliative, but a radical cure. Its action is necessarily slow, but permanent.

CATARRH IS CURABLE.

In the majority of cases (especially those of less than two years' duration), catarrh can be cured in a few weeks by the proper use of Pe-ru-na. Some cases are cured by six bottles, others by four, and we have not a few testimonials who have professed a cure from even one bottle of this remedy. Where a case of catarrh has existed for five or ten years a permanent cure can not be reasonably hoped for in less than three or four months, and in some rare cases the continued use of Pe-ru-na for one year has been necessary to effect a permanent cure. But, unless the case is very old or complicated, a speedy and permanent cure is sure.

THESE ARE FACTS.

based on many years' use of this most excellent catarrh remedy. No one could be more anxious than myself to discover some catarrh remedy that would cure in less time, but it seems to be an impossibility to do so. It is not only true of catarrh, but also of all other chronic diseases, that it takes time and persistent treatment to cure.

A CURE GUARANTEED.

To all those who conscientiously follow the above advice a cure is guaranteed. There need be no failures. Each bottle of Pe-ru-na is accompanied with complete directions for use. The remedy can be had of any Wholesale Druggist in the United States and most Retail Druggists. A pamphlet on catarrh of use to those who are about to begin treatment sent free by the Pe-ru-na Medicine Company of Columbus, Ohio.

The black rat of Ireland is so rare outside of its own country that one was kept for 20 years in the menagerie of the Paris Museum.

Oklahoma Guide Book and Map sent any where on receipt of 10c. Tyler & Co., Kansas City, Mo.

Rheumatism
Sciatica
Neuralgia
Cured by
St. Jacobs Oil

No Sex in Writing.

A well known newspaper proprietor tells an experience of his own in illustration of his belief that, given a fair chance, women will often do even better work than men as writers for newspapers. "For years," he says, "we have published a weekly article which has attracted widespread attention and interest. It is, I may say, one the leading features of the paper. For a long time it was written by a man whom I had not seen. One morning his wife came to me, saying her husband was ill, and unable to do his work any longer. For a number of months past she had been writing his editorials for him, and had now come to ask if she could continue doing so. 'Certainly,' said I. 'If you have been writing them you can go on; but say nothing of the change to any one.' Some time after this the husband died. On going to the office in the morning, one of my editors met me with a face a yard long. 'Mr. Blank is dead,' said he, 'and I don't know what we are going to do without him. His articles were such a special feature, and there is no one else in the country with ability enough to write them.' 'Isn't there?' I asked. 'But do you think that they have been as good as usual of late?' 'Better,' he replied. 'The articles became stronger and wiser the older he grew. During the last few months they have been particularly good. We can never secure any one who could do them one-tenth as well,' he added mournfully. 'Oh, yes, we can,' I answered. 'It may interest you to know that for more than a year past Mr. Blank has not written one line for the paper.' 'Not written one line?' gasped my amazed editor. 'No; for the last year and longer Mrs. Blank has been doing her husband's work, and she is still quite capable of continuing to do so.' And she did, and does to-day.

Smoked Himself to Death.

The most fantastic story told is that of the strange and slow suicide of the Baron Bela Olinyi, at Pesth, in the year 1875. The Baron was supposed to be very wealthy. He had a wife and six children. He lost his money in speculation, but this was not known. He went to Paris and insured his life for 100,000 gulden each in five companies. He returned to Pesth, and his habits began to change. He absented himself from home for long periods every day. The picture of health, he began to droop and pine away. In ten months he died of what the doctors called galloping consumption. The insurance companies were suspicious, and their detectives unearthed a most wonderful plot. The nobleman was discovered to have hired a small room in a remote and mean portion of the city. It was broken into, and found to be furnished with a comfortable sofa, a table, two chairs and two chests. In one of these was found a comfortable dressing-gown, a pair of loose Turkish trousers, a fez, and a dozen long pipes. In the other was found about two hundred strong Havana cigars and a half pound of common smoking tobacco. From the wrappers found in the bottom of the chest it would appear that in less than eight months the nobleman had smoked about 3,500 cigars, and about one hundred pounds of smoking tobacco, having deliberately poisoned himself with nicotine. —St. Louis Globe.

The French Government is reported to have sold to an Antwerp firm the right to mine manganese ore in the Pyrenees. At present the only mines in Europe producing this material are those in Greece, the Caucasus and Silesia, and deposits are known to exist also in Spain and Portugal.

Lee Wa's Chinese Headache Cure. Harmless in effect, quick and positive in action. Sent prepaid on receipt of \$1 per bottle. Adeler & Co., 222 W. Randolph St., Kansas City, Mo.



ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and \$1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

MARVELOUS ENDURANCE.—The vast amount of labor performed by the heart in keeping all portions of the body supplied with blood is not generally known. It beats 100,000 times, and forces the blood at the rate of 108 miles a day, which is 3,400,000,000 times and 5,150,880 miles in a life time. No wonder there are so many Heart Failures. The first symptoms are shortness of breath when exercising, pain in the side or stomach, fluttering, choking in throat, oppression, then follow weak, hungry spells, swollen ankles, etc. Dr. Franklin Miles' New Heart Cure is the only reliable remedy. Sold by J. W. Dicks.

The statistics of the trades unions in Germany show that about 2,000,000 workmen in that country have an annual income of less than \$155, and that in the weaving districts of Saxony and Silesia there are thousands of men earning but \$75 per year by their trade.

FIFTY SPASMS A DAY.—Had Mrs. H. A. Gardner, of Vista, Ind., lived two thousand years ago she would have been thought to be possessed by evil spirits. She was subject to nervous prostration, headaches, dizziness, backache, palpitation and forty to fifty spasms a day. Though having been treated by eight physicians for years without success, she was permanently cured by one bottle of Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine. A trial bottle of this new and wonderful medicine, and a finely illustrated treatise free at Dicks' drug store, who recommends and guarantees it.

Out of fifty counterfeiters arrested in the last eighteen months only twenty-three of them had passed \$50 worth of the "cheer" and only five of them had made a profit of \$3 per day for the time engaged. It doesn't pay as well as sawing wood at sixty cents a cord, and arrest is sure to come within a year or two.

A SAFE INVESTMENT.—Is one which is guaranteed to bring you satisfactory results, or in case of failure a return of purchase price. On this safe plan you can buy from our advertised Druggist a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. It is guaranteed to bring relief in every case, when used for any affection of throat, lungs or chest, such as consumption, inflammation of lungs, bronchitis, asthma, whooping cough, croup, etc. It is pleasant and agreeable to taste, perfectly safe, and can always be depended upon. Trial bottles free at Dicks' drug store.

Princess Kaiulani, of Hawaii, who is being educated in England, has been officially notified that she has been chosen to succeed Queen Liliuokalani.

MERIT WINS.—We desire to say to our citizens, that for years we have been selling Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Dr. King's New Life Pills, Bucklen's Arnica Salve and Electric Bitters, and have never handled remedies that sell as well, or that have given such universal satisfaction. We do not hesitate to guarantee them every time, and we stand ready to refund the purchase price, if satisfactory results do not follow their use. These remedies have won their great popularity purely on their merits. J. W. Dicks, druggist.

Charles L. Norton, a Florida journalist, was nearly killed by falling seventy feet from a tree top Friday, while looking for a volcano.

EVERY HOME SHOULD HAVE IT.—It is not always convenient to call a physician for every little ailment. Having Red Flag Oil in the house you have a physician always at hand. It kills rheumatism, neuralgia, burns, bruises, and all aches and pains. Price 25 cents.

There are few things in this life of which we may be certain, but this is one of them, Pan Tina cough and consumption cure has no equal for coughs, colds and consumption. Price 25 and 50 cents, at Barnitz's drug store.

Joseph Perrien, a wealthy manufacturer, was abducted from his home in Detroit and an effort made to obtain a large ransom for his release. The plot failed.

MILES' NERVE & LIVER PILLS.—An important discovery. They act on the liver, stomach and bowels through the nerves. A new principle. They speedily cure biliousness, bad taste, torpid liver, piles and constipation. Splendid for men, women and children. Smallest, mildest, surest. 50 doses for 25 cents. Samples free at Dicks' drug store.

The famous Maxwell land grant, containing 1,700,000 acres of land, has been sold. The price is not mentioned. It is the largest deal ever recorded in the West.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became a Girl, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Reports received at the Kansas Agricultural Department from ninety of the 100 counties in that State show encouraging news regarding the wheat outlook.

BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE.—The Best Salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, fetter, salt rheum, fever sores, chapped hands, ulcers, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by J. W. Dicks.

An autograph signature of Captain Nathan Hale brought \$1275 at an auction in New York city.

Governor Mellette, of South Dakota, who is in Chicago, denies the stories of destitution in his State.

It is learned that a 15-inch vein of sand near Boston, Mo., been discovered, which is rich with gold.

The Item Job Printing Department turns out handsome work—cheap.

J. S. Weaver, N. Lingg,

WEAVER & LINGG,

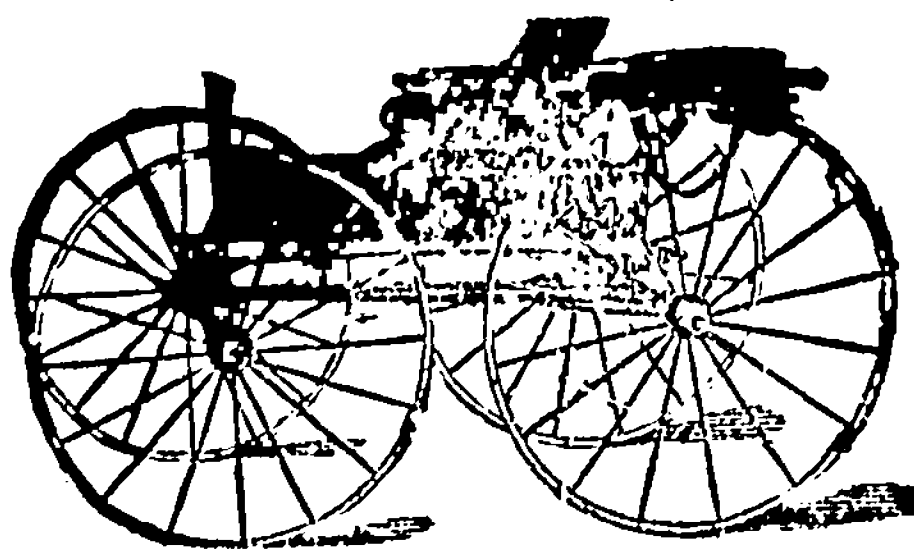
MANUFACTURERS OF
Thrashing Machines, Horse Powers, and Farm Machinery generally; AGENTS for Whiteley Binder and Mower, and Farming Implements of every description.

Having purchased the well-known Foundry and Machine Shops of Diehl Co., the subscribers are prepared to build new Horse Powers, and Farm Machinery generally. They have all the Diehl patterns and are prepared to build new machines and repair Tractor Engines and Saws and Machinery of all kinds, or furnish castings for same, at short notice.

Mill Work by experienced workmen. Pulleys, Shafts, and Hangers to order. Castings to order at the lowest market prices. General machine repairing promptly done at moderate charges. Satisfaction guaranteed. Stoves, Grates, Cellar Grates, Sash, Weights, Kettles, Hog Troughs, repairs for all kinds of Pumps, and a large lot of Machine Castings always in stock for sale. Horse Shoeing & General Blacksmithing. Shops on Hanover St., New Oxford, Pa.

McSherrystown Coach Manufactory!

Jos. H. Lawrence, Proprietor.



ALL KINDS OF CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, &C.,

always on hand or built at short notice. Every vehicle manufactured is made throughout in my own shop, by competent mechanics, every one of whom has served a regular apprenticeship at his trade; I am thus enabled to guarantee satisfaction in every particular.

REPAIRING—of all kinds done promptly at reasonable prices. HORSE SHOEING, by an experienced mechanic, a specialty.

NEW Dress Goods

I have just received a new line of Dress Goods of all kinds such as Venetians, Bates Flannels, Victoria Flannels, Henrietta & Tricot Cloth, WORSTED STRIPES, ALL THE LATEST STRIPES AND PLAIDS and everything kept in a first-store. These goods are all new: Shoes, Boots, Hats, Caps, Queens, Glass and Wooden ware, &c. All I ask is an examination of stock to convince the people that I am selling as low as the lowest.

J. A. NOEL, BONNEAUVILLE, PA.

NEW OXFORD Flouring Mills!

John Seufft, Proprietor.

CHOICE FAMILY ROLLER AND BURN FLOUR! This flour is put up in 1/4 and 1/2 bbl. sacks, and will make Nicer, Sweeter and More Nutritious Bread than any other flour in the country. For sale in New Oxford by Geo. Z. Warner and Z. H. Cashman.

All kinds of grinding done at short notice. Bran, chop and all other kinds of feeds for sale at the lowest cash prices. Delivery wagon to New Oxford every Monday and Thursday. Postoffice address New Oxford, Pa.

John H. Nau

Littlestown, Pa., for your

TOMBSTONES

As my business has been greatly increased on account of my cheap and substantial work, I have been compelled to get additional hands who are killed in fine work. I am at all times prepared to furnish the most beautiful

Monuments, Tombstones, Lintels, Door Sills, &c., at Bargains.

My work extends all through Carroll and Frederick counties, Md., and Adams and York counties, Pa. I guarantee my prices and work to suit all persons making purchases from me. Call and examine and satisfy yourself. All orders promptly attended to. Work delivered free of charge. Yards on Frederick street, Littlestown, Pa.

S. Morgan Smith, Sons & Co.'s

Snow CHEAPER than the cheapest!

Drift Flour!

Better than the best!

Has immense sales wherever introduced. Try it! For sale at

O. A. SMITH'S FAMILY GROCERY,

New Oxford, Pa.

The highest cash will be paid for prime grain, delivered at the mill near East Berlin, Pa.

We do all kinds of

Job Printing



KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

The Most Successful Remedy ever discovered, as it is certain in its effects and does not blister. Read proof below:

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.
BELVERNON, Pa., Nov. 27, '90.
DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.:
Gents—I would like to make known to those who are almost persuaded to use Kendall's Spavin Cure the fact that I think it is a most valuable Liniment. I have used it on a Blood Spavin. The horse went on three legs for three years when I commenced to use your Kendall's Spavin Cure. I used ten bottles on the horse and have worked him for three years since and has not been lame.

Yours truly, WM. A. CURR.
CERANTOWN, N. Y., Nov. 2, 1890.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.,
Endsborough Falls, Vt.
Gents: In praise of Kendall's Spavin Cure I will say, that a year ago I had a valuable young horse become very lame, hock, enlarged and swollen. The horseman about here (we have no Veterinary Surgeon here) pronounced his lameness Blood Spavin or Thoroughpin, they all told me there was no cure for it. He became almost blind and I considered him almost worthless. A friend told me of the merits of your Kendall's Spavin Cure, so I bought a bottle and I could see very plainly great improvements immediately from its use, and before the bottle was used up I was satisfied that it was doing him a great deal of good. I bought a second bottle and before it was used up my horse was cured and has been in the team doing heavy work all the season since last April, showing no more signs of it. I consider your Kendall's Spavin Cure a valuable medicine, and it should be in every stable in the land. Respectfully yours,
EUGENE DEWITT.

Price \$1 per bottle, or six bottles for \$5. All druggists have it or can get it for you, or it will be sent to any address on receipt of price by the proprietors.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.,
Endsborough Falls, Vermont.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

BARGAINS

GROCERIES, &C., &C.

7 lbs. White Fish only 25c.

Raisins 8c., 10c., and 12c., per lb.

A full line of DRIED AND CANNED FRUITS, at low prices.

A good Flour only 60c. per sack—a big bargain.

Highest price paid for eggs, &c.

J. M. MARTIN,

IRISHTOWN, PA.

Advertise in the ITEM.

BEST COUGH MEDICINE, PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION.
It has permanently cured THOUSANDS of cases pronounced by doctors hopeless. If you have premonitory symptoms, such as Cough, Difficulty of Breathing, &c., don't delay, but use PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION immediately. By Druggists. 25 cents.

GRAIN

PERIODICALS

Z. H. CASHMAN,

at the Brick Warehouse on Hanover St., NEW OXFORD, PA.,

will buy and sell all kinds of

Wheat, Hay Straw, Rye, Corn, Oats,

Potatoes, Bran, Middlings,

Chop, &c.; Also

THE BEST BRANDS OF FLOUR,

Coarse and Fine Salt, &c.

Sellers and buyers will find it to their advantage to give him a trial. Free delivery to any part of the borough. Car leaves New Oxford every Thursday afternoon for Baltimore; returning, leaves Hellen Station every Friday at 4 o'clock, p. m. All orders left with him will receive prompt attention.

GRAIN and PRODUCE.

The undersigned having purchased the Warehouse recently occupied by H. J. Myers, on Pitt street, New Oxford, Pa., will buy all kinds grain such as

Wheat, Rye, Oats, Corn, Clover and Timothy Seed, Hay and Straw.

Will also keep on hand and for sale, FLOUR AND FEEDS, SALT, &C.

LUMBER AND COAL!

CARVER & LITTLE,

Merchant Tailors! Ready-made Clothing!

Gents' Furnishing Goods, Dry Goods, Notions, Carpets, Oil Carpets, Feathers, Hats, Caps, &c.

We have now the handsomest line of imported Trouserings, Cheviots, Thibet cloths, Tricots, Corkscrews, Diagonal and Fancy Worsteds, Scotch Suitings, &c., ever shown in this market. A big lot of Men's, Boys' and Children's Hats—nobby styles. An immense stock of Children's, Boys', Youths' and Men's ready-made Suits, (with all pants lined.) Remember these suits are our own make and are well sewed. The largest stock of black and colored Henrietta Cloth in Hnover at lowest market prices. A big lot of all wool Blankets, which we will sell at a sacrifice. We cordially invite all to examine our goods and compare prices.

CARVER & LITTLE,

Broadway & Fountain Square, HANOVER, PA.

A BIG CUT DOWN IN PRICES

in Men's, Youth's and Children's Clothing at **D. Garner's!**

—Here are a few of our prices:—

Children's knee pants	22c. worth 45c.	Men's suits	\$2.50 worth \$5.00
Men's heavy working pants	30c. worth 75c.		3.50 worth 6.25
Men's dress pants	40c. worth 1.75		5.00 worth 7.50
	1.50 worth 2.75		7.50 worth 11.50
	1.75 worth 3.00		

We also carry a large line of Men's fine black Cutaway and Prince Albert Suits.

Our Gents' Furnishings, Hats, Caps, &c., we will sell at less than half their value to make room for our spring stock. Men's Shirt Hats 85c. worth \$1.50; Men's Ties and Four-in-Hand Scarfs, 25c. worth 50c.

We also carry a large line of Ladies', Gents' Children's Shoes, which we will sell you cheap.

Yours for low prices, **D. GARNER,**
Cor. York and Abbotstown Sts., Hanover, Pa.

BIG REDUCTIONS

SHIELLY & BROS.'S.

Overcoats, Blankets, Shawls, Caps, Hoods, Muffs, Heavy Boots,

and in fact all winter goods at greatly reduced prices. Come and see, if you don't want to buy. There are some

BIG BARGAINS!

FALL CARPETS!

NEW PATTERNS, LATEST STYLES!

Body Brussels in exclusive styles. Tapestry Brussels. Three-Plys Extra Supers. Hall Carpets. Stair Carpets.

NEW STYLES OF RUGS AND MATS!

Oil Cloths! LARGEST LINE IN TOWN! ALL NEW PATTERNS!

All the above goods are fresh and new. Their quality is unsurpassed, and the prices will be found very low. Call and examine.

E. H. Hostetter & Bro.,

Next door to Saving Fund Society's Bank, HANOVER, PA.

WISE MOTHERS AND NURSES

BRIDGMAN'S LAXATIVE PASTA

FOR INFANTS AND CHILDREN

25 CENTS A BOTTLE

ALWAYS IN RED BAGS.

POWELL'S RED BAG FERTILIZER

200 lbs.

RED BAG FERTILIZER

A First-class Fertilizer, containing PLANT FOOD in a concentrated form, which not only produces large crops, but permanently improves the land. Descriptive pamphlet free.

AGENTS WANTED!

W. S. POWELL, FERTILIZER MANUFACTURER,

And dealer in all kinds of Fertilizer Material, BALTIMORE, MD.

E. G. LOUGH'S MARBLE YARD

opposite the Reformed church, New Oxford, - Penn'a.

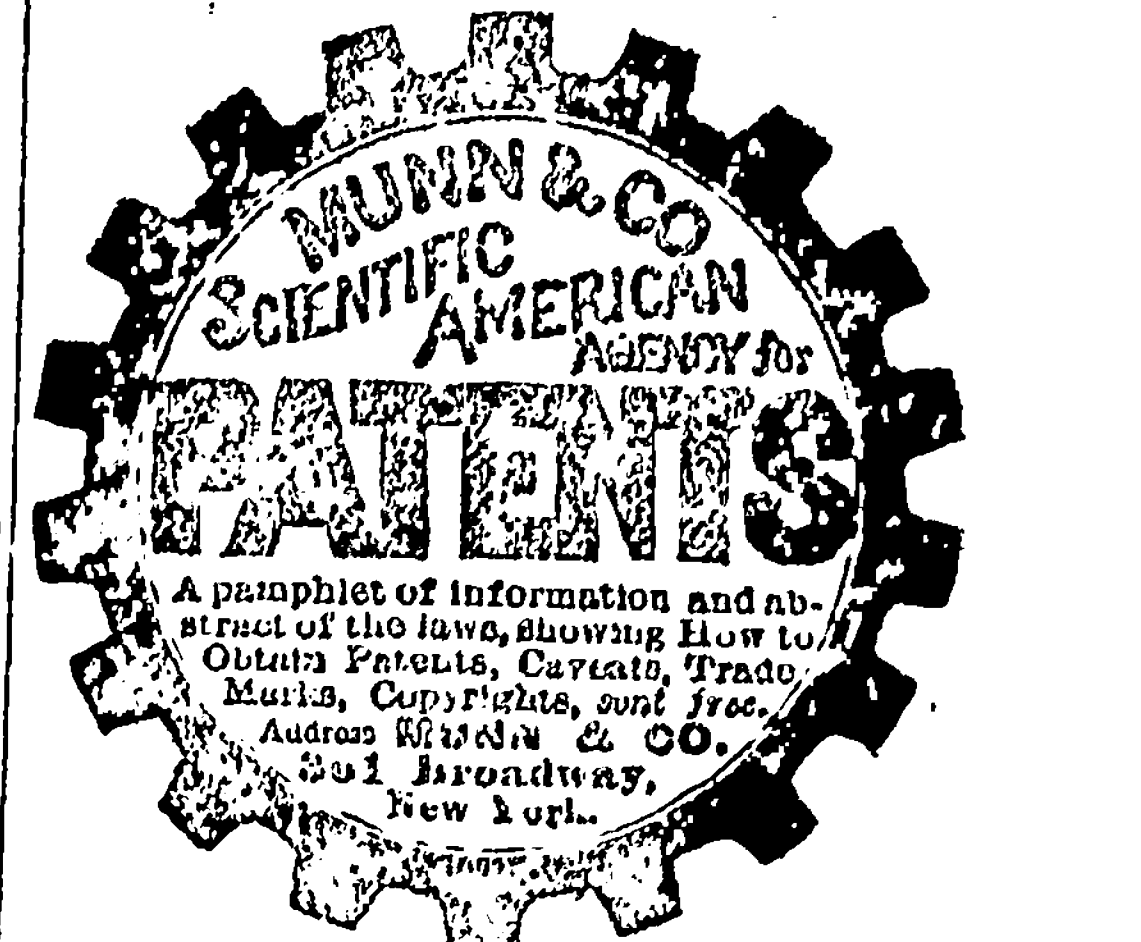
All kinds of Grave Work furnished as cheap as the cheapest. In the latest styles and of the best material. Monuments made a specialty. Persons wishing anything in his line are invited to call and examine his samples before purchasing elsewhere. 28aprrtly.

AUCTIONEERING!

GEORGE L. COLESTOCK, offers his service to the public as Auctioneer. Charges moderate and satisfaction guaranteed. Postoffice address, NEW CHESTER, Adams county, Pa.

PRIVATE SALE.

The very desirable residence, lately owned by Hon. H. J. Myers, on Pitt Street, in the borough of New Oxford, will be sold at Private Sale, on easy terms. In care of S. Mc SWOLE, Gettysburg, Pa.



A pamphlet of information and abstract of the laws, showing how to Obtain Patents, Copyrights, Trade Marks, Copyrights, and Trade.

Address MUNN & CO., 311 Broadway, New York.

\$8000.00 a year is being made by John R. Goodwin, 170 N. 3rd St. New York, by selling you a quantity of 1000 copies of his book, "How to get rich," for \$10.00. He will give you \$10.00 more as you go on. Each week, all ages. In any part of the country, you can commence at home, giving up your time and spare moments only to the work. All is new. Great pay with every worker. We start you with a full set of typewriting, and a full set of 1000 copies of his book, "How to get rich," for \$10.00. He will give you \$10.00 more as you go on. Each week, all ages. In any part of the country, you can commence at home, giving up your time and spare moments only to the work. All is new. Great pay with every worker. We start you with a full set of typewriting, and a full set of 1000 copies of his book, "How to get rich," for \$10.00. He will give you \$10.00 more as you go on. Each week, all ages. 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